

# Maclean's

70001

**Older  
WOMEN / YOUNGER  
MEN**



VOL. 91 NO. 1

- 4 Interview
- 17 Preview
- 18 Canadian News
- 41 World News
- 45 People
- 46 Business
- 48 Sports Column
- 50 Science
- 52 Outdoors
- 54 Mordecai Richler
- 56 Show Business
- 60 Music
- 61 Books
- 64 Fatherinshem



**The battle of Britain:** In Canada, the idea of Scotland and Wales achieving a small measure of self-rule—or less than any province here—is nothing. But over there, that's hard to say. **Page 2**



Further proof that bareknucklers are for the birds. As long as anybody knew the Greater Canada Geese were happy on the Cuddy farm. But the government of Ontario couldn't stand for that. (Page 5)



Movie in the sky with diamonds: Take 2 Beats's songs add to The Run-DMC Project: Triumph: George Bush and some other happy folk, and you've got the makings of a gloriously mindless time. **From 11**

[illegible]



# Interview

## With King Hussein of Jordan

For 35 years King Hussein of Jordan has walked a political tightrope. The Hashemite monarch has survived countless assassins on his life, including one at the age of 15 when an assassin's bullet grazed a medal on his chest seconds after the murder of his grandfather King Abdullah by Arab extremists in Jerusalem. In 1967 Hussein suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Israelis who seized and occupied the West Bank with its population of more than 800,000 Palestinians. Three years after his kingdom was again threatened this time by militant Palestinian guerrillas who openly defied his authority using Jordan as a base for staging raids against Israel. Hussein acted swiftly, brutally crushing the Palestinian resistance with the aid of his crack Black Legion army at the Black September War of 1970. At the Rabat Arab summit conference in 1974 he told Arab delegates that he had no right to represent the Palestinians, accusing the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. Today Hussein is still in a weak political position. Not only must he placate his Arab constituents to the south but he must appease the militant Soviet-backed Syrian regime to the north.



**Israel can have territory or she can have peace, but she can't have both**

**Wadwa:** When President Anwar Sadat made his historic trip to Jerusalem, the whole world was waiting for your response from Jordan, the Arab state which has the longest border with Israel. For you didn't comment yourself in any way or the other. **Hussein:** Well, it was very frank with you. We were completely stunned by the Sadat move, not in terms of our desire for a just and durable peace, but by the timing and the content. Just a very short while before, we were trying to integrate a joint Arab delegation to go to Geneva, and all of a sudden the move was announced and then took place. It certainly took us a lot of time to cope with the abundance of what happened. On the other hand we had many questions which are still there. Is Israel going to withdraw from all the territories occupied in June of 1967, recognize the

legitimate rights of the Palestinians on Palestinian soil, the right of self-determination? We in Jordan tried and tried and we never got any answer that was encouraging. I did not feel before Sadat's move that anything had changed. And even after the situation, which I sensed courageous, those questions have not been answered. Israel is still as adamant as possible regarding occupied territories. Also we did move. I went to Damascus and I went to Cairo. I tried to somehow bridge the gap. It was in touch with all Arab states and travelled around extensively, sent my envoys everywhere. Sadat was then hoping to call for an Arab summit or be involved in one and I tell all those involved on the Arab side, this is what we have here while in between, this will be the end of the process.

This has never happened. So there was nothing much that Jordan could do beyond what Jordan did.

**Wadwa:** If Jordan had added public support to President Sadat's initiative would it have placed more pressure on Israel to be more cooperative?

**Hussein:** I doubt it very much. In any case, we did say of the initiatives that this was a courageous step and we wished it every success. After all, Egypt has been involved in the Palestinian problem, Egypt has suffered greatly as a result it was there. We had no immediate reply to get involved. If we were involved, involved toward what end? No one recognizes any rights for Jordan. Anything we might have done would have been premature and emotional and probably not constructive.

**Wadwa:** When President Carter and President Sadat discuss the future of the West Bank, they generally refer to it in terms of a *territory* rather than *Jordan*. Yet we have heard what Jordan's reaction would be. How would you feel about hearing the West Bank followed with your country?

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us. We proposed such an idea to be the subject of a referendum, an expression on the side of the Palestinians themselves, under conditions of total freedom, without occupation but to state. The area could be placed under international auspices, but the people must exercise their right of self-determination. If they choose to federate with us, which is a possibility because of the very strong links that exist between us, we would welcome that. We believe we are one family. The problem is the rights of Palestinians on Palestinian territory.

**Maclean's:** Then you would favor a confederated Palestinian state on the West Bank?

**Hussein:** I am in favor of whatever the Palestinians choose. The overwhelming majority are reasonable people, who want to live in peace, with dignity, and enjoy their rights on their territory. If they are given the chance to express themselves, they will come up with something that all of us can live with very happily. I am not prepared to say what they should say. It is for them to say it.

**Maclean's:** People on the West Bank-Palestinians—always claim that the PLO is their sole legitimate representative, and that if they did have an independent state the PLO would be their leaders.

**Hussein:** The PLO stands for the Palestinians Liberation Organization. If the latter day it liberated, then the PLO ceases to exist. The people themselves must have the right to determine their future, under different conditions. The PLO is there so long as there is occupation.

**Maclean's:** But could you accept an independent state with PLO leadership?

**Hussein:** I will only say that I have tremendous faith in the overwhelming majority of the Palestinian people, and I am not ruling out the possibility that there may be some links with Jordan. I think they are natural, they are strong, they are there.

**Maclean's:** Among Arab states, is there a lot of intervention on issues such as the future of the West Bank?

**Hussein:** I wish there were more. I am sure that there will be, eventually. Obviously we have similar backgrounds, ties of religion, culture, language, interests. When the Arab revolt started and my great-grandfather was involved in the beginning of that century, it was for one united, free, progressive Arab world. The area has tremendous wealth, human and material resources. Logic would dictate that Arabs come together, not accidentally but a very very possible.

**Maclean's:** After President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem last year, there were tremendous openings, both in Israel and the Arab world. Now, with negotiations intensive, I sense more pessimism, more despair, even talk of nuclear war. Do you feel pessimistic, yourself?

**Hussein:** I've always been an optimist. I must say I have no reason to be so at this stage. I wish I were wrong. I really don't know where it will end. What is the final shape of Israel in the minds of those

responsible in Israel? If expansion is the goal, then we must leave ourselves free attempts to change conditions on the ground, negotiations and talk about new options, as has happened so many times in the past. The choice has always been there: Israel can have territory or it can have peace, but she can't have both, and if she chooses territory then obviously peace will be denied us. Many here regard that as a strong belief would be a reasonable, end state confident Israel, based as it is on a



The Palestinians have suffered so much their only choice has been to take up arms

our now and I don't see any tendency toward moderation. It is sad that it is tragic. But this is reality. I'm afraid that a wonderful opportunity exists for progress toward peace may be lost for a long, long time to come. It also implies that the Arabs are responsible to a certain extent, because they must take another look at themselves, orient themselves and build up their strength in every field—I'm not speaking specifically of a military situation—so that Israel can think back to a reasonable way in their own minds. The way I see things gives me no hope that we are close to peace and on point of fact makes me uncertain about the future.

**Maclean's:** If the Arab world is stronger militarily, will it make it easier to negotiate?

**Hussein:** Not only militarily but in many other ways. The Arab world is facing threats from many directions that make it imperative that it build its status. It's becoming an important part of the future of the world as a whole. The missing ingredient is the whole question right now is Arab strength, and we find it again more

here. We are, after all, not based in terms of the help we receive from the United States and although we appreciate all the help we have received, we do not consider help similar to what others may receive from the Soviet Union. We stand on the largest front. If ever, the entire world is exposed out of fear, to serious danger. It's more than we can cope with, really, is continuing to build our military self and at the same time try to improve the lot of our people. But we are caught in this situation and we have to keep trying. Israel is a tremendous arsenal of arms and weaponry at the stage and we don't know what the Israeli think Israel should be, sooner or later. If we knew what the map of Israel is in their minds, maybe we could appreciate more what the danger is, but in any case my opinion is on this I am sure we will be able to live peacefully.

**Maclean's:** The Israeli prime minister, Menachem Begin, now refers to the West Bank as Judea and Samaria. Do you fear that he may have further intentions on the East Bank as well?

**Hussein:** I think he does. I think they always have. After all, they consider the East and West Bank as part of the area included in the Balfour Declaration, and the promises made at that time. My great-grandfather is buried at Hebron. He gave up everything. He was sent to exile because he did not acquiesce in regard to demand of the Palestinians of their rights on their homeland. But so long as they're there, they are going to do their very best to defend it. The danger is there and I think the Arabians are clear on our expense.

**Maclean's:** Is the current impasse due to Mr. Begin's personality, his personal experience, or do you see it as a continuation of Jewish foreign policy?

**Hussein:** I see it as a continuation of Jewish foreign policy in regard to the Middle East. I think others may be a little clearer in having their real intentions, but I really see no basic change. After all, if there were a difference we could have arrived at peace in 1967. But about 11 years later we are still talking about resolutions of principles and revisiting Resolution 242, as if that is, excuse my saying so, such a big deal at the late date. What is needed is much more than that.

**Maclean's:** Talking with Palestinians on the West Bank and here in Jordan, one can't help but notice an increasing frustration. Frustrated, unhelpful people are saying that they will have to resist to avoid that the only solution will probably be bloody.

**Hussein:** Well, I suppose if there is no progress toward peace, people will have to begin to think of other means, but in that regard I think that the decision here is the upper hand for a long, long time to come. However, if the chance of even arriving at a solution possibly is lost, then obviously, sooner or later, no matter how long it takes, the eventual tragedy is going to be a very serious one, for Arabs and Jews and maybe the world as a whole.

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MACLEAN'S, AUGUST 1978

**Believers in God:** *Is it not the city of peace?*

**Moslem:** No. But on the other hand, Jordan has asked time and again the same question: *Jordan has always been ready to shoulder its responsibilities, before '74, before the Israeli invasion, and even after. I believe as had feelings in terms of my conscience that I didn't try anything and anything possible. Unfortunately, I failed.*

**Moslem:** *Is Jimmy Carter trying to bring Jordan into the discussion at this stage?*

**Hussein:** It is probably premature, and I believe that our friends in the United States understand our position. What is the Israeli position? It is still one that treats us as an occupying power on Egyptian soil. And I think this is very serious. So it is still extremely premature for us to consider, or for anyone to consider, that they have the right to consider us as something that has not even got started yet. We would like to know what is the end of the road is going to be. If it is total Israeli withdrawal from all these territories occupied in June of '67, Palestine is exercising the right of self-determination, the attainment of peace and so on. For all of these are agreed to be the objectives, if we know that we are headed that way, then we are ready to do what we can and we will not hesitate. But vaguely we can't take anymore, 11 years after the adoption of Resolution 242 by the UN Security Council.

**Moslem:** *In Israel, the main concern is security. What parameters could be given to manage their fears?*

**Hussein:** What parameters can be given us to overcome the real fear that we have of being threatened in any manner? Security is really a state of mind. It is a feeling on both sides that they have arrived at a solution that they can live with. It is not just lives on the grounds that really matter, it's a feeling, when peace is established that there is something there that is worthwhile. A building Jerusalem can become the symbol of peace for all times to come. The rights of all must obviously be guaranteed. The city must be that of all believers in God. It can't be under the control of one or the other side.

**Moslem:** *Do you mean that Jerusalem would be an international city?*

**Hussein:** In the context of peace and implementation of 242 and 338, we feel that Jerusalem is not a security problem. Jerusalem is a problem of occupied territory. Israel has occupied territories around Jerusalem now that amount to a considerable part of the occupied West Bank. This can't be pushed under the heading of security. The Arab part of the city of Jerusalem must remain an Arab sovereignty, and when we speak of Arab sovereignty we speak of the right of Moslems, Christians and Arabs. It can never be solely under the sovereignty of Israel. There would be no question of that ever. The city must be shared, Jerusalem can be the meeting place. It can be the open city. It can be the city of

believers in God. It can be the city of peace.

**Moslem:** *A number of Israeli, ordinary citizens have said, "Look if the Palestinians on the West Bank say, 'Give us the West Bank as a homeland, we'll live in peace together, then 98 per cent of the Israeli population would probably be in favor of that. But they say, the PLO says, 'Give us the West Bank and then we will turn our rockets and our tanks and drive the Jews into the sea.' " When they hear*



**Our lives are not important; the future, and the lives of those to come, are**

*this rhetoric, how can you expect them to ever respond?*

**Hussein:** They recognize the PLO's position, at least. The overwhelming majority of Palestinians remain silent, because they have no option; nothing that they can live with, nothing that they can accept has been offered them as yet. That's why I say we must give them the right of self-determination. When Arab states accepted Resolution 242 and 338, they accepted the existence of Israel, the right of Israel to live in peace and security.

**Moslem:** *Why hasn't a moderate Palestinian leadership emerged on the West Bank? Why do Palestinians on the West Bank, the PLO in Beirut speak for them?*

**Hussein:** Because it's a question of what are they allowed to do under Israeli rule and control? There is no alternative. No option has been given the overwhelming majority of Palestinians. In fact, they have suffered so much that the only answer is to pick up arms to try to hit back whatever possible. It's a natural reaction. "Take Back Yourself" and its background. "Why was it right then and wrong now?" What rights have the Palestinians been given that

people can complain that they have made these rights?

**Moslem:** *Do you think we'll see it as the future of a Palestinian homeland?*

**Hussein:** Well, if we don't see it in our lifetime, the results will be disastrous to the world.

**Moslem:** *Are the Americans living here now in the light of recent events?*

**Hussein:** If nothing really tangible emerges, they will lose a lot of credibility in this area, of course. It's fairly obvious. My own inclination has been that they have a tremendous role to play, but they are not alone. Others should join them in their efforts as well. Specifically, the Soviets.

**Moslem:** *Would you like to see more of an active role by the Soviet Union in the current peace process?*

**Hussein:** Yes, I would in fact. Very much so. The major powers have a responsibility, at least in terms of world peace and the interests of mankind. One can't say that the Soviets don't exist in this area, in terms of their influence, in terms of their interest as well. For any peace to be durable, it would be more meaningful if the major powers were involved.

**Moslem:** *On a personal level, it is very frustrating to be one of the principal players in such an important chess game?*

**Hussein:** I feel the weight of responsibility very, very heavily. Our lives are not important. The future is what is important, the lives of those who are to follow. If there were a way to make it easier for those who are to follow us, one would have the feeling that one had accomplished something in all the years and all the turmoil. But there are factors beyond one's control. One can see right now, obviously, in Israel. There are others in the Arab world as well. It is sad when you can see in advance how things are going to go, time and again, and you are helpless to prevent them.

**Moslem:** *Do you think there's been a long, would you have gone into politics?*

**Hussein:** I don't know, as far as politics is concerned; in my book it is common sense and logic and a lot of soul-searching. Part of my problem is that people can sit in what is your national position and your personal position. We don't have a national and a personal position. We have one position, and this is one thing that the rest of the world apparently doesn't understand.

**Moslem:** *The international press is constantly predicting events in the Middle East and then nothing changes because of them. How does that affect people who are in the area?*

**Hussein:** I think if it does, certainly not in this country and in my case. The only thing that is to be feared and is open as possible with all our friends who have come to seek the truth in this area, and in my view, I have no right to comment on that. I think Mr. Arafat did not both Mr. Begin and President Sadat probably were right for the latter was right, but I don't think I'm in that league as yet.



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# Do not ask, Westmount, for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee

Column by John D. Harbron

The Parti Québécois victory of November 15, 1976, was the revenge of history, not of the century.

The conflict had done its work, with the unique population explosion of an isolated, frigidaire and congested 70,000 habitants in 1760 to four million Québécois in 1960 and the 1960s. The vote of the Parti Québécois, the Charter of the French Language as making Québec (and apart), is the new weapon in place of the cradle.

It is the revenge of history on other

Québécois who would not follow the message from the past: to work in French, demand cultural identity, not leave the language of the majority. Bill 101 is not only a blunt instrument to bring about such recognition, but the only major bill passed since the election of a majority separatist government committed to move Québec into a new era of autonomy as well as cultural separation.

This has meant the PQ in power, with its deep socialist commitment to run the Québec economy through the nationalized Business: Meritism (presumably it's) and the vote-over of the board of directors industry, has chosen to move only in the cultural front. At the same time, Bill 101 does not deal in distinct legislation, but in parts of a cultural policy manifested in recent language bills, all of them related before by Québec's English language speakers.

The Charter of the French Language was inevitable, a piece to be paid by the anglophone business and professional communities for two centuries of damage after the French flag all around them and resistance to the dominant culture in their province.

In 1966, during an angry address to English-speaking students at McGill University in Montreal, René Lévesque, identified Westmount as having a "Rhodesian-like view of race." Lévesque was being unkind if that's the word to both the Rhodesians and to other strong English-speaking minorities of the Westmount strain who have not remained as resistant to cultural change as the Montreal English. At least most Rhodesians planters and farmers speak Kaffir or the local native

dialect, to communicate with their black workers and servants.

Tragically for Canada, Bill 101 is making mistakes of the many Canadians who followed Pierre Trudeau, the past paper of national unity, when he reached solutions through official bilingualism in the anglophone of the late 1960s. Pierre Bérubé would pocket the English language businessmen that now require French signs under the bill and run the risk of a stiff bill in doing so—but in the context of this bill.

For those who have missed French-language identification in Québec, Bill 101 is now having a snowdrift effect. Some modifications are likely, but strong appeals against it are bound to be made. The same anglophones who have opposed earlier language bills and who even voted for the PQ in November, 1976, in protest over former Premier Bourassa's Bill 22, have now found a new hero in the francophone Liberal leader Claude Ryan.

But they must beware. This man, who has already made very tough proposals for radical changes in the British North American Act, is a federalist, is also a Catholic moralist, and the kind that has both baffled and inspired anglophone politicians and academics throughout our national history.

And while Ryan is committed to altering some of the most punitive clauses in the language charter, he certainly will not permit an Anglo francophone to lose its present position. Indeed, we might soon face the fact that not only the anglophone and the restless Québécois youth (whose true destination we cannot foresee) but also those Québécois who have arrogantly identified by name of my best friend are French," have precisely assigned the Charter of the French Language as a permanent bar.

The revenge of history will therefore have its positive effects on René Lévesque's referendum in 1978. Don't talk seriously the many politicians and pundits who continue to predict otherness, it is merely an anglophone crowd, as any case, who like the Westmount English have yet to read our history in French.

cluded not only the national colony of New France but the vast Mississippi Valley, based in allegiance to French kings by a chain of treaty facts and far trading posts. Add to these important and rich accumulations of coal, iron and sugar-producing stands stretching from St. Pierre and Miquelon to Haiti, and French trading posts in India and Oceania, and we have yet another European colonial empire on which the sun never set.

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John D. Harbron (columnist for the Montreal Star) is author of Canada's Western Quebec.



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# Letters

## Send in the clown

I have long admired the talents of Valeri Brumfield, profiled in *The Reluctant Star* (June 12). Unfortunately I feel she has never received the accolades her capturing

shocked emotionally or sexually to anyone.

T. A. THIRMAN, VANCOUVER

I feel that most articles written on the manners and mores of the human race completely ignore the middle-aged woman. But recently, in your article on singleness the inadvertently plays a major role. There is a large number of young women today who have seen their fathers taking off with the young girl from the office, leaving behind a middle-aged wife, completely without skills other than raising a home and raising a family. For many years this woman has worked an 18-hour day, seven days a week, only to find herself completely alone at 55. These daughters are asking themselves if this is what they want and the answer is a resounding "No!" The time has finally arrived when the man has got to think of marriage as a 24-hour-a-day commitment on equal terms.

JANE HAMILTON, HAMILTON, ONT.

I really appreciated the article on the single male. I am a single mother and many second and third generation urban Canadians who are reaping the benefits of their parents and grandparents, and who do not feel the pressure to devote themselves to marriage. The society more presented by marriage is conflict as it is being unnecessary by young adults today.

A. MILLER, TORONTO

**A world of difference**  
Your story on the marriage of Zorn, an African (October 12) is an example of the kind of "crisis journalism" Western writers are often accused of practicing in

covering Africa. Little effort was made to inform readers of the reasons why the people of Katanga want to regain control of their territory, or why they are protesting so vigorously against the Mobutu regime. I find the use of phrases such as "the seething continent" only reinforces the stereotypes many Canadians hold about Africa—especially that it is a constant turmoil. The fact that the Ivory Coast is so different from Libya and Bahrain as Norway is from Portugal is a point that needs to be more fully understood.

E. M. REELEY, ACCRA, GHANA

**Put what would you like the bridge with?**  
In reply to Barbara Amiel's column, *Laugh and the World Laughs With You* (June 26), the following is my contribution to Canadian unity: Canadians should collect all the Maclean's magazines and bring them to the nation's letter boxes and burn them in one great bonfire. Of course, Amiel's and Fotheringham's columns could be thrown on top (for the humor). This would bring Canadians from all parts of the nation together in joyful celebration.

PATRICK A. TURB, PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

**The boys who cried wolf**  
I feel that William Lowther's article, *The Guttering Storm* (May 29), on the alleged Soviet military buildup is nothing more than unsubstantiated wrongmessaging on behalf of the Pentagon. I have been listening to the same sort of hype for as long as I have been able to read so I am a little fed up. Like thousands of other Canadians I have become completely cynical about the so-called "Soviet menace."

M. M. RICHARDS,  
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

I feel Maclean's is incredibly unethical. You print a cover story on *The Guttering Storm* which implies that a nuclear war is on its way. In the article William Lowther writes nothing but a series of statements about arms buildup and warns that it may be too late. Shall we all huddle in fear at Lowther's cue?

REV. JAMES A. HILL, DUNCAN, B.C.

**Not sorry for the fun of it**  
Had Marvin O'Malley named his eyes from the soles of his "hard-soled" shoes in his article, *Waste of Iron—and Clay* (June 12), he might have noticed that the wrist-wrecking competition was sponsored by Curlew-O'Kells and the Finnish Club of Timmins. The project raises several ques-

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D. BAILEY, TIMMINS, ONT.

**Don't tell us, we'll tell you**

I have news for Allan Fotheringham after reading his column on celebrity redistribution. Let Us Not Pray For Famous Men (June 26): Alberta doesn't want any more leftovers. We will continue to flourish with our prime man-childbirth like Peter the petro-pumper and Wendy W. G. Mitchell.

GARLHAN, CALGARY

**Hands across the gulf**

Men's corporate David Thomson on his splendid essay on the exchange between B.C. and Quebec ironworkers, When Worlds



Jacques Beigne and Carol McCauley in Quebec, speaking the same language

Collide (June 28): I strongly urge you to turn it into a series. We have to have more of Patricia Dallaire and Norman Nadol, Carol McCauley and Verina Vander Zalm. These kids say a lot more about the real present and future of Canada than as a smugly full of positiveness and sociologists.

DAVID DOWLING, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

As I was a participant in the Open House Canada's exchange, I was completely David Thomson for capturing the mood of the experience. It was unfortunate that it took the tragedy of an automobile accident to make the group realize the true meaning of the program. I can only hope that the government continues the exchange, for it provides experiences that one can never be taught at home or at school. To have had the opportunity to visit Canadians who are as different as they are alike was the thrill of a lifetime.

DANE CHARLEBOIS, SURREY, B.C.

**Going about the Lord's work**

Thank you for your interview with Billy Graham (June 26). It was a mature and open presentation of the son of God and his work. Please be to God for such a person as Chief.

BRYN E. HUSTON, RIVERVIEW, N.B.

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## Preview

### Nobody knows the trouble they'll see

The worst thing that can happen when the Vancouver General Hospital Corporation meets to elect five hospital trustees in September is that 45 000-odd people, half of them hitting the other half, will stage a colossal punch up in the atrium outside the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. The best thing that can happen will be simply verbally nasty and very confusing. The central issue in this whole thing is, obviously, the vote: last year, about 40 per cent of British Columbia's total, and the anti-abortion lobby is attempting to get its people on the board (even if they do get the whole five, they won't have enough votes—there are 16 members—to turn things around, but they can raise some merrit ball and, besides, it's about). They've been campaigning heavily, and so in addition, have the freedom of choice—people, some 45 900 people, in the past year, have applied for voting membership in the hospital corporation, which already has 2 650 members. As things now stand, it appears likely that somehow a way will be found to exclude the 45 000 (and undoubtedly inspire court action), but it's so confused that the September 27 meeting will be held "under the guidance" of Ian Horne, clerk of the province's Legislative Assembly.

### The glory that was grease

In the beginning there was instant mashed potatoes, then came the Pringle and its ilk, the perfect potato chip if you don't want either the taste or the texture. And now, God help us, there is the reconstituted french fry, and to add insult to injury, it has been perfected by a team of Canadian food scientists at the University of Alberta. Using potato granules (of at-

least made large), a binding ingredient and a little cold water, Dr. Bantiva Goralakis has concocted a dough that is extruded into perfectly rectangular french fries. According to the findings, these new fries have improved texture (if you like potato puff), rising qualities (whatever that means), and freedom from oil, even (which is to the true lover of the french fry, can hardly be considered a plus). Goralakis says he's had nibbles from Japan, where real potatoes are scarce, and from General Foods Rise up Canada, before it's too late!

### Tune in tomorrow

Although the word "may-may" makes even casual lovers of the English language gag, the concept continues to revolutionize television, and in some instances, irrigate a few small garden spots in the vast wasteland. This coming season, for instance, NBC-TV is doing *From, How to, Eternity*, with Natalie Wood and William Devane in the Deborah Kerr and Kurt Lancaster roles. And the best news of all is that Sir Alec Guinness, whom *Star Wars* made into a millionaire, will impersonate British agent Bill



Guinness: the Force is with him.

Sesley in a seven-part TV adaptation of John Le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, while it's being done in the U.K., is certain to be gobbled up by North American networks.

### Southern exposure

Four years ago the cnc gave John Leach \$30 000 to raise a half-hour animated film called *A Gilt of Winter*, showed it once, then lost interest in it. Leach ultimately sold it to the Westinghouse network in the U.S., where it has become an annual event. Last year he gave the cnc an idea for a television special, called *Mojo Shon's Watch*, after a year of sitting on it. The cnc turned it down. But the Toronto film-



maker (a former portrait artist and art director) couldn't have been happier. In March of this year he sold *Watch* to HBO, following some nice, amiable and lucrative negotiations. (Americans have learned the two magic words, "yes" and "no.") Canadians "maybe you want to see it in illustration and regard" (it goes on this list, on or about Halloween, right with *Standby: Night Line with Guido Rocher*, doing the voice of the main character, Winchell the Witch).

# Canada

## The Case of the Treacherous Tourist

No one at the Canadian immigration office in Paris thought it was strange that, although she was carrying an Iranian passport in the name of Shabazeh Sedigh Norbani, the woman did not look the least bit Iranian. "You get perfectly blonde, blue-eyed types flying Algerian passports," explained the Canadian embassy in the French capital. "In this business, we have no reaction to face values." Nor, as Kristina Kufnerova-Bermer was voting the official last month for permission to visit Canada, did the look anything like a terrorist. This chunky blue-eyed 27-year-old applicant was "a very quiet, normal-looking kid," says Zimova. "There was nothing to make her look different, to make her stand out. She was in sweatsuits and average as possible. Why even now I'd have difficulty remembering that face."

So, armed with her Iranian passport, a student card in the same name from Brussels University, \$1,000 in cash, arrival at Paris, and a letter from a friend in Canada, Zimova was off for a stay. Bermer easily obtained a visa. Four days later, she happened on an Air France flight to Montreal's Mirabel Airport, where she boarded through customs and immigration. After a workday in Canada, she then crossed into the United States on the night of July 16. U.S. authorities say she entered the country illegally, crossing a farmer's field on the Vermont-Quebec border about three miles from the official point of entry on the main highway. Her forays were in perfect view on the American side of the border by sensitive sensors, devices in the shape of crisscrossed railway spikes that are buried in the ground to pick up the vibrations of illegal immigrants as they walk or even stand by U.S. fences in Vermont to monitor guerrilla movements. Alerted by the sensors, the U.S. border patrol found a woman walking along a road carrying only her handbag.

According to the border patrol, the woman identified herself with her passport as Shabazeh

and Norbani in French letters, and said she was staying at an inn on the Quebec side of the border and had just gone out for a walk, but lost her way. A suspicious border patrol contacted the RCMP for assistance. The Montreal questioned the woman and then took her fingerprint book to Ottawa, checking through Interpol in Paris. The next day, the woman was known as Bermer, an alleged German terrorist.

Bermer was then held in one of 13,000 jails in a jail in the U.S. where the faced



Bermer, with a U.S. marshal guard, still can't hiding her face (above). Had lip

seem separate charges of possession of forged documents, attempting to elude the border patrol, and making false statements. She could be sentenced to up to 26 years in prison if convicted on all seven counts. She also faced possible extradition to West Germany, where she is charged with forging, receiving stolen goods, and membership in a criminal gang.

Indeed, initial press reports identified Bermer as a member of the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang, but her lawyer, Nick Almonaster, a New York-based immigration specialist who was put in touch with Bermer through "a friend of a friend," flatly denies this. Almonaster is supported by other sources. West German officials, however, have linked Bermer with another, current, group, oddly named the Socialist Patients Collective. Made up of mental patients, the group was founded in 1968 by Heidelberg psychiatrist Wolfgang Huber to protect against West German security which he blamed for producing sick people. Also known as the bank for Mental Health Movement or simply the Crazy Brigade, the group organized itself into a member of "working circles" including one that produced explosives. A bomb failed to blow up the train of the president of West Germany. And the group disbanded a year after its formation.

But some of the members of the Socialist Patients Collective went on to achieve notoriety, including Gerhard Bauer who was arrested in company with Ulrike Meinhof in 1972 and buried in flames in a burning of the Baader-Meinhof gang. Other former members took part in the famous raid on the West German embassy in Stockholm in 1975 in which two diplomats were shot and a bomb exploded.

The question remains, if Bermer is a terrorist, why she was trying to get into the U.S. A Hamburg newspaper, quoting West German U.S. intelligence sources, reported that she was involved in a plot to assassinate U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, why in a few and a prominent businessman, before he was targeted, would make a natural target for pro-Palestinian terrorists. U.S. officials speculated that Bermer may have been looking for a plot for the 1980 Winter Olympics to be held in Lake Placid, N.Y. All that other names would say is that she has "history to tell" which will be told at the appropriate time.

The terror and the plot are never getting the matter and following up leads on Bermer's connection to New York is far from a crime. These people—a man and a woman—resident in the U.S. and a man living in Montreal—were picked up for questioning after they had been seen near the spot where Bermer was arrested, apparently waiting for her. But they were all released because there was insufficient evidence to charge them with anything.

Canadian immigration authorities are also conducting an investigation into the incident. A report that the U.S. had some planned to Canada for faring out Bermer was denied by both sides. But Canadian officials were nonetheless embarrassed over the case with which the entered Canada. The embarrassment was heightened because news of Bermer's capture broke just days after Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau grabbed headlines with his own proposal for curbing constitutional terrorism, which was adopted by the summit of seven major industrial nations in Bonn last month.

The key step in Bermer's entry was obtaining the visa in Paris. One of the had that there were no major obstacles left in her way.

In Paris, no special checks were made of the "most wanted" list with the Iranian embassy to determine whether she was a bona fide citizen of that country. But immigration officials were reluctant to tighten up the screening procedure for fear of turning off genuine visitors. "Does the Canadian police want us to keep every body out of Canada to prevent a few, undesirable?" asks immigration councillor Zimova. "You get some officer who is seeing his simplicity one a day and he sees there like a spirit, thinking in a person who wants to go to Canada. His mission is to make that person happy so he can get on to the next." The mechanism we have is not answer to normal situations, and as far as possible, if people want to use our system

to break the rules, then the best game changes to a philosophical question. The question is do we want a very hard-nosed system?" **IAN BURGHEAD/STANLEY MCGILL**

## Summer of our discontent

The rain had fallen that same morning, hard and fast, and it held the promise of a long drink for a dry land. But when Ontario (later Peter) Blais stepped to check the morning's predictions in his field of corn near Gravelly, he found only disappointment—most to half an inch then dry like a bread crust. It was the province's fourth driest summer in 138 years.

By month's end there had been a measure of relief—scattered showers on consecutive days. But it was not enough. From Hamilton to Kingston, one of Canada's richest and most productive farm belts had been wounded by drought. Entire pea crops had been wiped out; shelled by the sun, naturally, the yields were astronomical.

Acres after acres of sweet corn failed to germinate, and where it did, stalks that did not have been droughted by July barely added the knee. Peaches were as small as

cherries, cherries as small as peaches. "If we don't get rain soon, and by July 15," said John Vaskovits, executive secretary of Ontario's Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association, "plums, pears, apples and the full crop will all have problems."

Already, wholesale prices for lettuce were climbing, against retailers for cabbage and cauliflower as well. Saul Frank Barnes, a spokesman for the province's Crop Insurance Commission (which this year insured 18,000 Ontario farmers) "I don't think we've ever had drought as widespread as this before."

The summer drought continued the trend. The province recorded less than 25 inches of rain from June 1 through late July—not quite 50 per cent of the norm. The worst year was 1899, when not quite 17 inches fell in the same two months.

In the wretched west, some farmers plowed under their corn and planted cabbage—pushing on the future. Others thinned their trees to improve water or tried

**Drooping, Ontario farmer John Van Ryn showing where the corn is, and where it should be seen against the elements**



# Bill Pedderhouse of Wynona, Ontario, showing his irrigation system. Not drying

B.C. where the drought—and the ensuing risk of forest fires—caused 18,000 loggers to be laid off. At month's end, 25,000 forest fires were burning, in B.C., thousands of acres of forest were scorched by an electrical storm that dropped nearly 1.5 inches of rain on the province's protected coastal regions. "It's the worst it's been in five years," said Arnold Giesinger, manager of the B.C. Forest Service's protection program. "And August is traditionally worse."

Good news? Bumper grain crops on the Prairies. Otherwise a good summer for crops.

## ALBERTA

### Petering out

Alberta Energy Minister Don Getty has been juggling personal and family obligations since 1983 the year he, Prime Longford and four other Conservatives began their march towards a 1971 seat of the province's long-ruling Social Credit government. The strain on Getty was brought home recently in son Don's diary which

the 15-year-old son, that his father's team was leading in league, but his father had to turn back to play. A small thing, perhaps, but when former Galt Cap executive Getty studied everything up he decided to bow out of politics. Long expected to assume the Tory leadership when Longford resigned, Getty knew his decision will mean he is leaving down "a clear opportunity to be the 11th person in this province."

Had the 10th premier stuck to his original game plan, Longford would be stepping down before the next Alberta election due possibly in the spring. Instead, he has chosen to stay on for a third and he says, that since while his cabinet and back-bench colleagues are departing in succession, don't in a mass exodus. The official bill is among the 40 Conservatives in the 75-seat legislature is still lower—three cabinet members and eight back-benchers have resigned—but the tempo is expected to pick up, as many as 20 Conservatives are thought to be considering retirement.

The reason why Health, age, family, careers and in the case of some back-benchers, insurance are among them said Getty, at 44, will pick up his career

the legislature, returning to an eight-week strike against Canada's Railway 107. "I hope you realize no grudges," he said, alluding to a strike by federally employed nurses. The work-inducing point conflict: unionists John finally advised members to go home and "look it up" and expressed the hope that they could be needed at the next strike. "By regular post" —a reference to a possible national rail strike.

It may look like some unfortunate attempt at stand-up comedy, but John expects his intentions were serious. In fact, the new eight-part statements contain a carefully coded message. But Lyth's Conservative government is interested in neither the message nor its code. John's remarks are "not only highly unusual but unacceptable," the premier said. This is among a formal complaint to Ottawa. It was the third time that the former mayor (as Speaker with Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting and mayor of Pin Point, had addressed the chamber spontaneously and the audience's patience is wearing.

But while the legislature's governor's production guidance goes largely unheeded, it is nonetheless a refreshing novelty in the tradition-bound chambers of government. Since 1983, when he took office, he had not otherwise until March 1991, is still the Queen's representative in Manitoba and would say premier date to say to Her Majesty that her remarks were unacceptable. Lyth's Ottawa has not yet to do it. "The age, 110, is again I think something should be said. Once a minister, always a minister."

John, say, clips over his one about...



Gertie (above) and Loughheed (left), the administrative head of such province, too.

West's most famous political dynasty and was another in the 1980s, is considering a return to his medical practice. Alan W. Smith, a physician and active member, is debating a return to the University of Alberta from where he was, law as an agricultural economics professor. The delighted Social Credit Opposition claims there are also a number of cabinet members who will be hired by Loughheed because of their rising management performance.

One factor more of the cabinet members are considering is that a further commitment to more likely to be right with them. But if the premier leaves, what his next move is long-term cabinet member who subsequently gets would be expected of showing non-involvement in the new leader. Staying in would mean that some of the cabinet would still lead their own campaign in politics.

After 30, 1975 election, Loughheed shifted office position in his cabinet and was expected to be the same at the new

Since he decided in January that a "last number" of his cabinet wouldn't be leaving, among them, there's growing about potential cabinet members. Even in the overwhelming Conservative legislature, the package could be sparse if all the back-benchers contemplating retirement go ahead with their plans.

Alberta, which has become a mecca for job-seekers because of its low unemployment rate has seriously extended its job opportunities into the political field. However, for the premier's job, Getty's July resignation was taken by Liberal leader Nick Taylor (who had a study to return that Loughheed has acquired a lifetime grip on the province).

## QUEBEC

### Signe of the times

They are known as "modern and flexible" by the Quebec government. And, in fact, the province's new language legislation does recognize English as essential to scientific research and the international development of Montreal kind offices. As a result of

ing of anglophone and immigrant firms applying to work in Quebec, hospitals has resulted in a 50 per cent failure rate. Once their referred by doctors and other more highly educated professionals.

Unhappily, too, in enforcement of Bill 101's restriction of English education to children of parents who themselves were in English schools in Quebec. At the end of July, the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal lost a Superior Court fight for Montreal's suburban Quebec has refused to pay because the board's English schools illegally accepted about 3,000 immigrant children.

Meanwhile, some of Quebec City's other restrictions forced by wealthy Anglo-American tourists—and the Quebec government also—continued to offer illegally bilingual menus. (Banning of English from menus will at best and disappointing stores such as that by a L'Assommoir truck stop which mistakenly translates *beefsteak* as "meat cake.")

And there is also an intriguing new revelation for those concerned of the bilingual map game. Analyzed by Quebec's Office



The changing face of Anglo treatment as French signs go up, bilingualism

the new related rules, about 400 establishments are among more than half have requests outside Quebec, now may require special agreements allowing the use of English except in business dealings within the province.

However, while Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin displayed great sensitivity in his treatment of Montreal's anglophone and already privileged business elite, a series of other events in July showed there was to be no leniency with small businesses and ordinary citizens. All across the province shop owners working pains to sell bilingual and the English half of bilingual signs to sales came one force banning all but French in public address systems. As well, recently the French res-

de la langue française concluded that the word "sign" is not a correct French terminology while some—now the only legal exception—is a grammatically faulty Canadianism.

## Kind hearts end coronate

The last component of an royal visit is, predictably, The Queen will arrive. She will be wearing a hat. There will be crowds of people waving and sending in her. Every newspaper in the country (save the Quebec press) will carry a heart-warming human interest story about a middle-aged man who lived 12 years for a glimpse of his monarch, or about a little girl who shyly threw a wild bouquet of flowers at Her Majesty who laughed delightedly at the gesture. There will, at some point, be the most grandstanding from

# That's a pun, son, just a play on words

It has been a cool summer in sunny Minnesota. The sun has been plentiful. Snakes and lizards have enjoyed relatives between labor and management. And now the province's lieutenant governor, Francis Bud Jones, has laid a fine edge of frost on the political scene.

Jones' Minnesota is answer to Andrew Young—added a how to do a job on the way to the government's design speech he delivered at the July close of the legislative session. The deal, especially Premier Sterling Lyon, who is not amused. "You clipped it in the way you," Jones told



Jones, say, clips over his one about...



sign indicating that you will not be hindered by the labor featherbedding that wrecks down Atlanta, the same was passenger trains on the U.S.

There's good news too for some of the commuters that fear via's take-over will mean loss of train service on the "nationalization" of intransitable railroads from the two networks. Via is willing to provide a coast-to-coast direct coast-to-coast North Bay to Winnipeg who want to lose their daily Super Continental when it merges this network with CTS The Canadian National will ask the Canadian Transport Commission to allow daily transcontinental runs over both C.N.'s and C.P. lines to Winnipeg where the cars will be unloaded into two trains for Vancouver: one north via Saskatoon and Edmonton and the other by way of Regina and Calgary.

Such public outcry for train service has the price of a waiting room while to the ears of Via President Frank Roberts. A periodic telephone rail order web page is

## The milk train doesn't stop here anymore

With milked faces and battered hats and eyes that told of blank despair on wooden benches the traveler sat / Greeting the fate that brought him there

So lamented a weary traveller stranded for nine hours by an 1804 blizzard in McAdams, New Brunswick. I hope in hell he noticed these souls may dwell who first invented McAdams junction.

McAdams however went on to become a flourishing city passenger and repair centre. At one time 16 passenger trains a day came through today though there are just two. The village has become the quintessential fading railway town.

Nothing recalls McAdams a rider's glory so well as the massive stone station that has stood in the middle of the village since 1898 and once held a hotel and dining room. Today even the lunch counter is closed. And though the village's economic mayday now is a plywood mill, old-time Bill Griffiths muses: "It's still a city town. I don't know why. It's just that we've got that in our blood."

When the Canadian Transport Commission held hearings on the future of rail travel in the Maritimes last year, McAdams pleaded for retention of its remaining two trains. Hopes were boosted with the take-over of the lines by VIA, but there has been no word yet as to whether the line will be kept or sold, when the CRTC delivers its verdict.

Still, it may not be long until passenger train whistles are only a memory in McAdams. "I'd sooner travel by train any time of the day than sit in a rooming railway employees' bus for six weeks while the roads are repaired." But people in a hurry people in a lot of hurry people in a lot of hurry

DAVID THOMAS

Quebec City's all but extinct English speaking working class. Roberts started in 1939 as a C.N. apprentice machinist and his voice will carry a powerful message. "There will be more trains in the corridor from Quebec City to Windsor. We want to come up with a first-class transcontinental and we're planning modern, interior service in the West and in the Maritimes."

A first batch of 131 freight ships can (for the) train is to roll from New Brunswick shops in Quebec next year for moderate distance use. Short-haul and low-

costly only public services on better than can justify continued investments and on that score much responsibility must be placed on the passenger rail-based 300-member Transport 2000 which shows any out in service. "When it's taken over private companies from the bar can," Lambert Transport 2000 president Henry Goss. A rail social worker Goss' most serious worry is that via was done the historic business transfer and will ignore those for whom the transcontinentals are the cheapest way across the country.



A VIA Rail train traveling the Rockies getting there may be half the fun again.

demand runs will be supplied by the 110 of 96 with propelled railcars with low quality stations and unattended nose cars to enhance one of rail's crucial advantages: energy efficiency. New equipment is unlikely for the transcontinentals. Instead, the stainless steel cars of The Canadian may be refurbished complete with chairs.

Roberts also wants operating stations to become catering terminals for food and airport services and eventually the creation of a Canadian microwave system for long-haul travel by air, road and rail. Architects are working to renovate Regina's downtown station into the first "inter-modal" transportation centre and the area is likely to be in Quebec City where trains may even return to the old Gare Du Palais, an architectural jewel where the tracks were removed only two years ago. VIA architects will cost the taxpayers about \$100 million a year by 1992, but Roberts refuses to term this a loss. "We do people say the country 'invests in roads and airports but pays for the train,'" Kline-

Roberts' vision does in fact include an eventual reduction in VIA's routes leaving transcontinentals from Halifax to Vancouver which would be maintained as part of "national policy"—the same slogan Canada's first prime minister John A. Macdonald used to justify construction of the Canadian Pacific. It is foolish to think that today's Canadian passenger trains will ever return to the glory of Macdonald's era, but there are still good things to be said. Dying a meal of fresh haddock was a great success by a bottle of River wine, said Marilyn Pugh of St. John's reached over her first time trip—about VIA's Ocean—after 25 years of terrified travel by air. "I'll never fly again. The train, which you think about it, makes much more sense."

She is not alone in her rediscovery of trains. Ticket sales in the Quebec City to Windsor corridor jumped by a significant 14 per cent in the first half of 1978 and on the Montreal-Ottawa non-passenger half-trip in a full 36 per cent over the same period last year. The travelling public, like the unions and via itself, appears ready to give passenger trains a green light once again.

DAVID THOMAS

# LAMB'S. The Sun Rum.



## Superb.

Lamb's. The Rum of the World.



Close-up: *Mystic*

# Ladies of a certain age

In praise of . . . younger men

By Barbara Amiel

Her movements are as careful and calculated as a Sumo wrestler. She strides on the edge of a couch, fitted grey suit emphasizing a line at throat and waist, pencil skirt directing the eye to sheer stockings and high-heeled pumps. She is an elegant and wicked study of the sophisticated woman in lust. From the sensuous line of eyelid to hair to the flickering smile on pouted lips, her face conveys a message of calculated predatory sexuality. Her quarry, the young man with long, wavy hair, has an adolescent look in his mouth, doesn't stand a chance. The coarseness scenes dissolve in a whirl of red silk underwear and creamy skin.

The role of the seductress, Kim, in the film of Stephen Vincent's novel *In Praise of Older Women* (to be released next month) is dangerously close to typecasting for 38-year-old Canadian actress Marilyn Lightstone. Apart from considerable professional credits (*The Dybbuk*, *See My Father Fold Me*), Lightstone epitomizes the "not growing older, just getting better" ad hoc Lightstone herself. "I was born to be an older woman. I never felt the question of my life would be in my term or life. In her personal life she continues to enjoy a 10-year-long liaison with a younger man. Most recently, now 34, president of a Toronto television station, CTV-TV. Unlike many actresses the screen, more serious professionally and more attractive, with each passing year. Though she professes some embarrassment about the film's seduction scene—"I didn't think my body was up to it"—here, who have watched young men wolfily eye her at showbiz go-togather consider Kim to be a character tailor-made for her.

Indeed, the film itself is tailor-made for our times. Thirteen years after its initial publication, Vincent's classic novel has come into its own. When the book was published in 1965, its story of the "American resolutions of Andrea Veylin" and her sensual education was seen as an assault on the mores of the period. But today the older woman's young man syndrome is a social event. *In Praise of a Certain Age* is being filmed, interviewed and merchandised with

North American thoroughness. How much of the new ascendancy of the Older Woman is myth—this woman's best friend on the backlot or a lie—and how much actually reflects a genuine shift in society's attitudes is difficult to sort out.



Lightstone and Ziemer (facing page) and Kim and Don Howard (above) never mind the "not getting older, getting better" nonsense; they're not mutually exclusive

If the older woman is achieving new prominence as an object of sexual desire for all ages of men, then part of that desirability may well be a case of making a virtue out of necessity. In the past, women in their 30s were considered the only suitable objects of a man's desire. "Older women" from 30 to 45 were supposed to hook brownies or retreat to the support of latex and the real! But demographic shifts are drying up the supply of younger women. The famous post-war baby boom gives us the '60s and the divorce that everyone was under 25. The aging army of "Don't trust anyone over 30" school from the wrinkle-

less fifties of millions of young people whose children toward older women's security instead based on a Peter Pan view of their own complexion. In the decade between 1960 and 1971 the percentage of the Canadian population between the ages of 20 and 29 increased while the percentage of those in 30 to 39 age bracket dropped. It seemed there was to be a limited supply of agitators for the young-at-heart. But in Canada moved away from the post-war baby boom, birthrate and population growth began to zero out.

Erasmus University of Toronto Associate Professor of Sociology Loren Marsden: "The most trend is far more in many women than to five years younger than themselves. But many men are going to find in the next few years that there are simply not enough women of this younger age to marry the lot of the baby-boom boys. One general conclusion is that they may have to look to older women." Current projections for the 1980s and 1990s point to a growing shortage of younger women to be population boom men in the 30s, 40s and 50s age group. To complicate matters, current divorce trends in Canada are producing more divorcees in their 30s and 40s. "These are the women," Marsden says, "who just may be showing men from the baby boom for their affairs or second marriages. But at the moment we simply don't know. And we have to remember that we can't judge a situation by what's going on in Toronto or Montreal. In the country as a whole, more people seem to be doing more serious and things than ever. Marriage is a commitment in strong and the tradition is still clear by, to marry a younger woman."

In spite of the weakness of the big city lifestyle, what goes on in Montreal, New York or Vancouver, generally filters down in a diluted form to influence the whole population. Don Mooney in Moscow. So there may be a marriage or two between many women of marriageable age from California (a state that seems eager to compete elsewhere on anything that smells) where a comparison is under way of records for the years 1973 and 1974. Early indications are that the records show an increase in marriages between men aged 25



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to 29 and women 30 to 36. Part of this new relaxation of the hood and fur rules about marrying women in the under-30 set may have to do with a decreasing emphasis on the importance of having children. As more couples opt for the higher standard of living and flexible lifestyle that a childless marriage gives, the pressure on a woman's youth becomes less important.

Jadith Kelly Howard, career-educated and the product of a strict Australian upbringing, was 23 when she married her first husband in 1959. He was a dentist, five years older than Kelly, and already set up in practice in his native Montreal. After 11 years of marriage, Kelly had earned her piece of the Canadian Dream. She had a home in Westmount, two children, house-hold help and a comfortable, secure life. By anybody's standards, including her own, life had been pleasant to her. Then the spark of the '60s swept across the perfect faces of her home. Her husband began talking wistfully about "swinging" and "open marriage." One day, after a domestic spat, he looked at Kelly and said, "You're getting old." A switch went on in Kelly's head. Rage swept thick and concrete into her mouth. "I'll never be old," she vowed. "You're too old for me." She left town, taking the two children with her.



Five years later she began dating a young man, Tedley, Kelly Howard, 48, is social columnist for the *Ottawa Journal* and wife of Dr. Howard, 59, architect and professional photographer. When Kelly does the diplomatic circuit for her job in Ottawa, tongue-in-cheek. A CBC interviewer doing a mini-documentary on her career couldn't wait to get to the nitty-gritty question: "Everyone is just dying to know," he smiled. "How old is your husband?"

The advantages of the marriage seem clear to the Howards. Kelly says "older men seem to appreciate neurotics in a woman without aggression. But Don doesn't worry about that. He doesn't feel threatened by the fact that at the moment I'm the star of the family." Says Don: "I don't mind waiting three steps behind her. And I can relax her down, and as a complement to her dynamism." Sweetness and sensuality they consider a deal. Says Don: "Older women have a wealth of experience and a great deal to talk about. Kelly knows what she wants and she's not shy or inhibited. We're continuously examining one another and trying to stay on what we'll do when the age thing becomes more apparent, but I think it's a super instead of two ruined people. I'll have the energy to look after Kelly properly. She calls me her forever dreamboat." Kelly herself faces the future uneasily. "Sure I'm worried about what will happen in 10 years when Don is a successful architect and listing that crazy when men start looking around. But you see I married a good man five years older than myself, just like I was supposed to, and that didn't work out. What's the point of worrying about this?"

The celebration of the 35-year-plus woman has been building over the past two years, and when *Marjorie's* dossier published its list of America's 10 most beautiful women last April, not one (from model Cheryl Tiegs to actress Caudre Bergen)

Alexandra Stewart and Tom Bergeron in a scene from *The Prude of Olden Women* (left), and Travolta with Tomita (below) youths need not be wasted on the young.



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was under 16. The article was also a new peak in the breathlessness of the glory mag approach to over-30 women. Shiget (Neyser) became, apparently intrigued by its use during "When Candice Bergen went public about tanning 33, she almost spitefully seemed to turn around the America way of appreciating who, till then, was often an insatiable age. 'Turning 33,' she said, 'is a good way to talk about ageless...'" In Canada the subject has been featured recently on CBC radio and television as well as *Movie Zone's* CIV TV. The Toronto Star featured readers of the phenomenon in an article entitled "Love's lovelier when you're young!" and illustrated it with pictures of Adrienne Clarkson, 38 (current pop friend) and John Ralston Saul, 39 and Priscilla Beatty, 47 (current boss would-be rock star Robyn Leevey, 31). Suddenly it was the new chic. Harassment had just finished darning closets in droves. Now it was the turn of the youth-stalwarts. Female celebrities, coupled with one another in the magazine-appeal. Ravaged author Emma (Pier of *Purple Jung*, 36, and wife of Jonathan Fast, 39) "What a guy, I thought, what a guy to seduce a kid." Said 38-year-old Gloria Swanson when she married her sixth husband, 60-year-old actor Warren Beatty. "Men would like to drink where a woman reaches menopause, it's the end of romance. But it's really the beginning of whether, because there's no worry about whether to get pregnant or not." Actress Valerie Perrine, 34, bubbled enthusiastically about "young studs" with 23-year-old Nick Vukobratovic. "They are an so stuffy, I find," explained Miss Perrine. "They're always trying to be misdo. I don't want that. I just need someone like Nick who'll take me roller-dancing!"

The ultimate "younger man" of the celebrity list these days is actor John Travolta, who has just finished making a movie with 35-year-old comedian Lily Tomlin. She plays a chic Malibu housewife who falls in love with Travolta as a 19-year-old delivery boy in real life. Travolta lived for several years with actress Dana Lynne who died of cancer last year when she was 39 and he was 21. As he said in 1976, "I like older women — but when you're 32, most women are older."

Despite her advancing years, model Linda C. Hill (above) is hardly suffering for work. At 40 and Woodstock (above) some how overcomes age-gap and 18 months' advice



revels, who has just finished making a movie with 35-year-old comedian Lily Tomlin. She plays a chic Malibu housewife who falls in love with Travolta as a 19-year-old delivery boy in real life. Travolta lived for several years with actress Dana Lynne who died of cancer last year when she was 39 and he was 21. As he said in 1976, "I like older women — but when you're 32, most women are older."

In fact there is nothing new about actresses or indeed any profession women taking up with a man younger than herself. It is tradition for older than Modest de

Stiff and celebrated in literature from *Farquhar's* to *Coleridge* and *Bruce Moore*. Observers of human nature have never missed noting the sexual magnetism between older women and younger men—or, for that matter, between younger women and older men. Exceptional women (and men) have always been able to seduce themselves. What may be new is that now ordinary people can enjoy such affairs. This is a just because of societal shifts in our society. In the past most women were financially powerless and young men were looked. Today women are in the labor market and are able to date whomever they please. Calgary's Laura O'Connor, 46, separated after 25 years of marriage, is back working in a restaurant. She is now dating a man of 29 for a year. Now she enjoys the company of men in their early 30s.

In Vancouver, ex-lover Mark Redden notes the rising phenomenon of the university campus as a divorce catalyst. "In the '60s and '70s," says Redden who taught in the United States as well, "the campus were hunting grounds for young girls looking for husbands. Today with older men and women returning to school and raising younger people with new ideas and fresh outlooks, sex tends to use the Junior Common Room as a divorce court."

University of Calgary psychologist Kathleen Cline, 35, married sex scientist Brian Woodward, 28. When the two first met several years ago Cline's friends were disturbed by her evident interest in a 24-year-old student. "You're not going to get involved," they all cautioned. "Bloody hell, I am," she replied. Her mother's initial reaction was negative. "Kathy," she warned, "I want you to be happy—but a boy your age!" Today both Cline and Woodward lament the fact that society's emphasis on evaluating such relationships still seems to be based on whether or not the woman is sexually attractive and well respected.

There's no question that advances in medical care, plastic surgery, cosmetics and fitness and health attitudes have postponed the more immediate effects of aging. It is increasingly difficult to judge the age of a woman between 20 and 35. Modeling, the first step to reflect society's attitudes to wrinkles skin, has expanded the life span of a good female model by half a decade years at least. "In my day," says ex-model and Toronto model agency owner Eleanor Feltcher, a chic and vibrant 44-year-old, "a model was considered over the hill at 25. Today a good model can work well into her 30s. Of course clients still specify we want a 24-year-old. We just send them the pictures and the girls that make their requirements and half the time they choose models well over their age limit."

One of Canada's top models, Linda C. Hill, 41, currently booked out of Toronto until September on assignments in New York, Paris, Tokyo and Barcelona, claims

"There's no age limit on models anymore. Ten years ago all the agencies were into the Twiggy thing. Now the look is that of the sophisticated woman." Hill herself currently spends her time with a man close to her years. But rather than become fixated about marriage and dad, "I just do whatever my body tells me," she says smiling down a steak and salad.

In style, the difference between the way a 45-year-old woman dresses and the dress her daughter wears is obvious. As a model, Cline as one 45-year-old Toronto mother. "Forget about discounts over who does the dishes or whether or not she has to go to New York with a 40-year-old. Our most recent arguments came when my 18-year-old daughter wanted to take my entire wardrobe with her to college. Every evening while she was at high school it was like a purveyor's attack. She'd come slantly, smoking two or three cigarettes." Explains Eleanor Feltcher, "Involvement is up in the middle-class privacy of women's self-image and sex classes. And one of the first things I explain to them is that you don't have to try desperately to look young. Be your age. It's those women who are still trapped in the clothing styles and making of their youth, the hard lines of the '60s, the structured clothes and lustrous hairdos of the early '70s who look old. Get rid of their fixation on youth as they remember it and they'll look a dozen years younger."

Reports from across Canada indicate that while the media may have exaggerated the statistics of older women taking up with younger men, like all well publicized trends the impulse given to such relationships will gradually make them more acceptable. Twenty years ago marriages between Catholics and Protestants (never mind racially mixed unions) were enough to arouse a couple in social communities. But today, whether or not relations of mixed marriages have increased is beside the point. Public acceptance of such marriages has still right now in many communities, women may be enjoying younger men—but behind lace curtains. Gary Lynch, 35, a unemployed Torontoan now in Prince Edward Island has often dated older women. "But have" he says, "you'd get mixed reactions." In Singapore, Jess Perry, 41, of Choketown "It's the nature of the community that keeps men from being more open in friendship with younger men. At my single I have a lot of old friends up and some younger friends. But I play down the younger men. In a larger context I could go out for a meal or a drink with a younger man and nothing would be thought of it. But here."

Whatever the reactions may be, the signs of aging as still very much operative in our society. When *Star's* Tokyo 36-year-old show on older women and younger men they had to postpone it after raising too blatant remarks from women who simply didn't want to publicize their ages. Researchers and journalists looking into the subject find themselves plagued with phrases

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could learn from women on the day after their views with tearful requests not to publish their ages. Most sadly, women who as interviewees had clung to happy marriages of 15 years, would, after an hour or so of reflection, confess that the real source of their youthful looks and vitality lay in their younger lover. Explained one woman: "I love my husband deeply. But by now I could put on 30 pounds and paint my face blue and he'd love me just as much and even more." The reason I keep my figure trim and don't slide comfortably into old age is the magic my younger man gives me whenever he looks at me. I don't think it's possible for anyone over 40 to be married and stay young without a lover." And in the world of man-married celebrities the older woman may be recognized but her attractiveness will have very definite age limits. When *Playboy* did a pictorial feature last year on "The Mystique of the Older Woman," the models were, with one exception, in their late 30s or early 40s. Tomatoland's Eve La Paro Good was featured in the article. "I was 29 when the pictures were taken," she explains, "and the *Playboy* people genuinely felt I was an older woman. For their night editor readers they follow a philosophy that a woman, like a flower, unfolds her petals and has a season of bloom. Then she's finished. Under. That moment comes between 18 and 25. Twenty-three is very risky, but they're prepared to gamble. After I did the photography session, the vice-president of *Playboy* *Entrepreneur* sent me a letter thanking me for being 'the most beautiful older woman' they had ever photographed."

SBE, society is changing. As talk of mixed-age marriages becomes we may be seeing the end of the youth culture. We may also be seeing the reduction of a society's lack of interest in increasing or maintaining its own numbers. An older woman may be more interesting, more experienced and more settled than her 25-year-old counterpart, but the one thing she cannot do is have children. The cynical may detect another force at work in this elevation of the older woman. The generation that grew up in the 50s may be the first in history to shift select the memories of their youthful 20s over their older 30s. It does not seem a coincidence that many of the leaders in the cult of older women are the same trend setters who sold us youth worship 30 years ago. The only hope the really aged in our society have is that youth culture should be kinder, understanding, forgiving, generous, transcendental, meditative and plastic surgery can only do so much. The flower children of the 60s may extend their youth by 14 years but they are still putting a premium on youth and appearance. It's a losing battle. At one point youth disappears. Other societies—and our own is ages past—have regarded youth as its own reward and reserved power and veneration for older people. As the 1960s crowd ages, perhaps this bit of common sense is being rediscovered. ☺

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**34.** Yield to temptation. Eat a passion fruit.

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**41.** Forage for fiery black opals at Lightning Ridge near Walgett.

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**44.** Pick a picnic for a day at the ocos. At the Bong Bong beach track, top hats, morning suits, costume dresses and champagne are mandatory.

**45.** Order a steak topped with a fried egg.

**46.** Aborigine legend has it



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a tennis, lays eggs, suckles its young and looks like it was designed by some drunken committee.

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**49.** Stomp a grape. Come to the Barossa Valley Wine Festival at vintage time. Step lively, the best grape-tender wins a prize.

**50.** Take a picture of an Aborigine taking a picture of you.

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# The battle of Britain

Thistle, daffodil and rose entwined — or untwining

By Walter Stewart

Britain has been up to arms over the devolution of Scotland and Wales for years, without any clear sign that the fun is about to end. You can have your fair share in a Glasgow pub for attacking devolution by a gent who supports it because it promises independence for Scotland and revenge for that unpleasantness at Culloden in 1746.

For no extra charge, you can have your arms torn from their sockets in Cardiff by a pro-devolutionist who is sure the word implies an end to nuclear radiation, and the triumph of democracy. If that proves too much, you can have an afternoon ride at you—for more pearls—by a lower-classed Londoner who deplores devolution as a spyglass for separation, the sheltering, not of Europe (that went long ago), but of the Mother Country itself.

The choices for mayhem and misunderstanding are tightening every day with the pending final passage of two devolution bills by the British Parliament, a looming referendum in Scotland and Wales, and a general election projected for the fall in which the subject is bound to come up. During that election, Britain may be seized to the spectacle of Margaret Thatcher, leader of the Conservative party, taking devolution head-on: it is wicked and will mean the breakup of the kingdom and should be rethought, and the real leader of that same party, former prime minister Edward Heath, supporting the idea because it isn't and won't and should not. With any luck, confusion will be complete by Christmas.

In fact, "devolution" means the transfer of power from a central government to a local one. "Separation" suggests splitting off part of one country to form another while "independence" denotes devolution to the interests of one's own nation. It is possible to be pro-devolution and anti-separation, just as it is possible to be a separatist and either for or against devolution. However, all three words seem to be scrambling together in the minds of many Britons. For example, A. F. Maclellan, secretary of the Greenpeace Region of Scotland, which includes Aberdeen, says he opposes devolution because "if separation comes, I'll have to move to England.

Scotland will be the poorest country in the world," a Glasgow businessman insists that "devolution is about one thing only—North Sea oil. It is the politics of greed," while a London public relations consultant is convinced that "the whole thing is a fraud dressed up by some dirty buggers as 'hats'."

Devolution does not mean the separation of Scotland, and may prevent it; there is probably little profit in the battle over North Sea oil, and the real proponents of devolution are neither dirt nor blood.

Our promises already here, in for more generous measures than anything proposed for Scotland and Wales. Clinging to that fact, and ignoring the macabreous history, it is possible for a Canadian to pluck out of the devolution battle some lessons that apply to his own country, and, by looking at his own country, to make some guess about what is likely to happen in Britain.

For a start, devolution is coming to Britain, slowly but surely, like a steady life. It is coming not because Scotland and Wales want separation from England, but for a complex of reasons, base and noble, that have nothing to do with happen, look away, or half-comprehended history, but long ago. It is coming because it reflects a widespread yearning for local political control, and because it has the support of the ruling Labor party, a strong wing of the Tory party, and the national parties of Scotland and Wales. Not separation—only the national parties support that—but devolution. In Cardiff, the Welsh capital, Barry Jones, secretary of the Welsh Labor party, sits in his grout, crumpled, third-floor office, looking grumpy and stern, like an Old Testament prophet who has sleepily and suddenly stirred off his board. He says there is no law "Devolution cannot be stopped. It flows from today's political developments in inevitability to right before us." But what if there is a change of government? What if the referendum fails? "Why then," says Jones, reading slowly, "we shall just have to do it again, and again, until we get it right."

Many would that time on the Red Sea, and the Red Sea, so fast, get out of his way. In London, Scottish lawyer John Smith, the cheerful, strong, chubby minister of state for devolution, is just so sure. "Every public opinion poll to date has shown a clear majority against separation and a clear majority for devolution," he says. "The process may be delayed, it may be modified, but it cannot be stopped."

Along a narrow lane outside the haunts of Hollywood, on the west coast of Scotland, an elderly gentleman, who knows nothing of politics, reflects the same view



Never mind. One Aberdeen fixer for devolution because he thinks it will bring down the price of Britain's exports, and thus provide jobs—he has it confused with devolution.

For a Canadian reporter to be misled into this mix of misperceptions, misunderstanding, divided loyalties and total confusion is, of course, Old Hodge Week. Compared to a Canadian constitutional wrangle, the thing is a snap, devolution is what

"Oh, God, the young men are all for it," he says. "So we shall have to have it, won't we?"

What Britain will have to have, if this goddess is right, is not some new-fangled gadget, but the expression of a kind of regionalism Canadians have known for decades. The referendum question shortly to be placed before the people of Scotland and Wales will ask them if they approve of the government's proposals, and 40 per cent of all eligible voters—not merely a majority of those who turn up at the polls—must approve for the referendum to pass. When and if that happens, the Scotland and Wales bills, now in their third parliamentary throes, will become law. They will, as effect, transfer power out of the cluttered corridors of Whitehall in London, and into the meeting halls, restaurants and bars of the outlying districts.

The two countries, however, are approached differently. Scotland, which already has a wide measure of administrative control, as well as its own legal system, traditions and church, would assume many of the powers of a Canadian province. Scots don't like to admit that, devolution's proponents say they are opposed to a federal system—they roll their eyes and talk of Quebec—but that is what it comes to, nonetheless.

There would be a Scottish Assembly, based in Edinburgh, with about 100 members, and an executive headed by a first secretary, a quasi-premier, who would be appointed by Whitehall but nominated by the assembly. This assembly would have the right to pass laws dealing with a wide range of matters, including local government, health, social welfare, education, housing, transportation and the regulation of the courts. The central Parliament at Westminster

would have the right to disallow legislation it found repugnant (as does our House of Commons, in theory at least), but on its own turf the Scottish Assembly would be a powerful body. It would receive a black budget from Westminster, which it could divide up as it liked in the areas under its jurisdiction.

Scotland would continue to be represented by 71 MPs at Westminster (and Wales by 36), the real change would be that the wide range of local issues that are decided by the British Parliament as a whole (which means, in effect, by an army of bureaucrats) would come under the direction of directly elected, local councils, who are not trying to sort out the entire's defense since in Asia while dealing with school milk programs for Garmadon. Scotland contains only about two-tenths of Britain's population, and while it has no reason to complain of its financial treat-

ment—spike spending is higher per capita in Scotland than in England—Scottish concerns do not rank high in London. 71 MPs, even gaffly ones, tend to get lost in a sea of 615 House of Commons representatives. The Scots have different priorities than the English—they are more worried about housing, for example, and less worried about immigration—but, at present, they have no way of expressing their differences short of secession.

Wales has only about half Scotland's population, less autonomy, an apparently rigid system and an even graver dependence on Whitehall. Curiously, the Welsh have kept more of their own language than the Scots—about a fifth of the nation's bilingual and 32,000 Welshspeakers only Welsh, while Gaelic in Scotland appears to be confined to scholars, cranks and academics. But Wales has been so poor so long that most of its attention is paid,

scorped out with the coal deposits. Although there is a Welsh National Party, the Plaid Cymru, it took only about 10 per cent of the vote in the last general election, and sent only three MPs to Parliament. The Scottish National Party took nearly one-third of the 1974 vote, and sent 11 MPs to Westminster. Welsh devolution, then, is a mere modesty scaled than Scotland's.

There would be a Welsh Assembly at Cardiff, with about 30 directly elected members, but it would have no powers of legislation and only a rudimentary executive. Its main function would be to set up committees to direct—not legislate—government operations in local matters, from health and the environment to housing and transportation.

As at Scotland, a major benefit would be to bring under local scrutiny a wide range of appointed bodies, from the Welsh Water Authority to the Ancient Monuments

Board, from the night Area Health Authority, from about \$300 million a year, to the Sports Council for Wales, which spends about \$1 million. Appointments to those bodies are currently made by the discretion of states for Wales, and the local bureaucracy is not, in the end, by accident. The Welsh Development Agency, for example, is headed by a Scot, Ian Grop, a charming, informed and energetic gentleman, but a Scot nonetheless. If devolution comes to Wales, he will have to find another line of work. The Welsh Water Authority would also see some changes, under current arrangements, nearly 500 English cities use bay Welsh water except those that Wales.

In short, the real push for devolution in both Scotland and Wales is not an argument about patriotism, but about regionalism, personality, dollars and democracy. "It is inconceivable to me," says Kings Jones of the Welsh Labor Party, "that thoughtful people could oppose putting greater responsibility in local hands. What we are talking about is making those who have the power to affect people's lives answerable to those same people. That is what democracy is all about."

There is another and less laudable level in the argument, a less that is replaced in Scotland rather than in Wales, and that has to do with the squabble over oil income.

The Scots are a peculiar breed, dourly but glibly, unarmament but never above turning the situation to their own advantage. Remember Anita Lowne? She was the lively lass who was locked in her room because she had taken a lover her parents found unsuitable, and he, poor fellow, had written a lovely song about her in which he promised to lay down to do. However, after a spell in her room, Anne had to tell what it, checked the notes and some downers. Her lover, Wilton Douglas, married one Elizabeth Clark, Anne married Alexander Ferguson and, as far as we know, they all lived happily ever after.

Scottish nationalists like this—dourly eyed, but canny, you want to watch what happens after the music dies. The movement was gaining new birth when oil belched up in the North Sea in 1970. The oil brought with it, alongside dreams of income, a tricky problem. Since Scottish law is quite different from English, whose rules would apply in the North Sea? The issue was resolved by drawing a line on a map, dividing off English and Scottish spheres. Thus most of the significant oil finds turned up in the Scottish area, and that—next to money and bagpipes and the buggie—created the recent bull market in Scottish nationalism. There was something to get sentimental about.

George Reid, the slender, outspoken Scottish National Party MP for Stirling East, makes no bones about the threat behind his party. "We intend to get more money," "Didn't this sound a little gaudy?" Reid thought it merited, thus added, "I







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## The World

### Once more unto the breach

The American ear's worst nightmare on the rocky desert edge of the Hashaba in western Syria is on the face of it an unlikely spot for diplomatic talks. And in Egypt and Iraq it traded bad words at the end of July (except in even more unlikely settings far from U.S. borders) of State Cyrus Vance to renew for the umpteenth time his efforts to bring the two sides together.

But appearances are deceptive. The Hashaba was, apparently, the site selected for the latest American peace bid and, on the purely physical plane, it has unrecorded advantages. It boasts air-conditioned, well-appointed bars, a comfortable clubhouse, tennis courts and more important direct connections to links with Cairo, Jerusalem, the State Department and the White House. The question is: Was it August 5 deadline for the start of new talks around was better than the diplomatic signals also were misleading. They certainly were not encouraging.

On the Israeli side, Prime Minister Menachem Begin tried down what Egyptian request for the return of a possible prisoner of Moshe Saris and the typical capital El Anshon on the grounds that "nobody can get anything for nothing."

For the Egyptians, President Anwar Sadat replied by making up with Arab and Palestinian troops at a unaligned nations meeting in Baghdad. He also went pushing the Israeli military movement which went to Egypt in the earlier more aggressive days after his business visit to Jerusalem. With down went the message: "No more direct contacts unless Israel changes its attitude or produces new elements."

The fact was that Israel had indeed produced just such an offer a few days earlier when Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan announced that Israel would be ready to discuss the sovereignty of the occupied West Bank and the Gaza strip—which Egyptian leadership more gave up in exchange for a settlement—after five years at least will be offered to the one million Palestinian residents in the Israeli-occupied West Bank. This went much further than Israel's previous statement that it would talk only about the nature of future relations and the Egyptian leader's apparent failure to respond surprised observers.

One explanation for Sadat's hard-heartedness was that he was replied by the tone of Begin's withdrawal of his "goodwill" request. It became a major issue only because the original request to Defense Minister Ezer Weizman was leaked to the press and then made the subject of a cabinet meeting. To compound the damage, Begin himself explained the negative answer to reporters and camera lenses waiting on his

doorstep. His tone was polemical and highly quotable on a day right for news. The story led the front pages and so it is said nullified Sadat's intentions.

Another way of looking at it, however, is that Sadat is trying to draw a wedge between Begin and those both inside and outside the Israeli cabinet who believe in a more flexible approach to peace. Western for instance believes that peace really is possible and that it is only being inspired by Begin's rhetoric.

Opposition Labor party leader Shimon Peres also is convinced following a recent meeting with Sadat that Sadat is offering more than his public declarations would indicate. Peres believes that if Israel will accept the principle of territorial compromise, Sadat will endorse substantial changes in the pre-1967 border and allow an Israeli military presence even after the transitional period.

The trouble is that for all his cautions and challenges, Weizman has shown himself to be a novice in the Byzantine world of Israeli politics while Peres, as the failure of his end of July, no confidence move in the Knesset showed, simply hasn't got the votes to turn the government out.

So Begin seems to be unique authority over his kind coalition in still force in the saddle. His only weakness is his health.



The no-longer-welcome Israeli military delegation returning home (above), and Vance with Egypt's Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Israel's Moshe Dayan at Leeds Centre (below) on a slow burner.





He has a heart condition and is under strict medical care for diabetes. But his condition, according to his doctor, is better than it has been in the past 18 months and despite all his problems he clearly hasn't lost his nerve.

That fact alone gave early warning that Vance would not meet all his acid and pheromone secretions the peace trip—all the U.S. Hawks the situation or anywhere else.

## THE U.K.

### A child of her time

It was a story that would normally have been London's best publicity of people going swimming to their gyms in a great free-for-all. But the birth of five-year-old (12 weeks "test-tube baby") Louise Brown in Didham, Lancashire's Dickson hospital on July 23 left nearly everyone with personal bile to feed under the two wish localities surrounding the event. The exception was the London Daily Mail which in the first editions of newspaper headlines had spent a reported \$850,000 in writing up the story so aptly it would have been hard to get a surgical probe between the columns.

That was the second controversial aspect of what practice was the most widely discussed medical issue since the late 1960s agonizing over the first heart transplant. Even before the successful delivery itself, experts and religious leaders the world over had launched a public debate about the ethics of a technique that offered limited hope to the 30 to 40 per cent of infertile women who suffer, like Louise's mother Lesley, 31-year-old wife of a truck driver, from defective oviducts.

It was the great difficulty, however.

Edwards and Steptoe giving details on the birth (below) and (below) some of their press reaction in Britain. It's all over but the shouting—lots of shouting.

which is the most intense attention. Even before the *Mail* possibly told its readers about its camp, it was first by the *Daily Express*, had already started a "tip-off" action designed to give maximum publicity to details not covered by the *Mail*'s contract with John and Lesley Brown—and this rubs the salt of its success.

The *Express* in breaking the story wrote about the parents the medical background and the intense searching for "milk-for-baby" from world rights and resulted in one of the test-tube baby process, a Dr. Douglas Brown had client of four years ago that three laboratory provided children were already living in Europe, one in Britain and the others on the continent.

The debate on press ethics was not while it lasted, but fast on the medical implications likely to go on a lot longer. The pair of doctors responsible for the success, gynecologist Patrick Steptoe, 55, and physiologist Robert Edwards, 52, got a warm hand from Britain's Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists—"an exciting piece of original research," said the president Sir John Dewhurst—and from most Anglican clergymen and from many doctors.

But other medical experts were less certain, particularly in the United States where a Manhattan district court has just heard an action about a similar, uncompleted attempt to give a child to a Florida woman. So were Roman Catholic church leaders. The Vatican and the technique was "illicit" and the president of the British Catholic bishops, Gordon Cardinal Grey, said "grave misgivings about the methods and possible implications."

The doubts aired ranged from the improbable—a British parliamentarian's fear that advocates of genetic might soon enable a doctor to create a "master race"—to the practical—is there a better way to do it? There was also the philosophical question—is it permissible to create new embryos as "consumables" under hormone treatment, more than one is taken from the patient's womb?

Edwards himself has said that other methods in use at mechanical offer relief to only 17 percent of cases. On the "night in life" issue Edwards says "The strong point of fertility lies in a single machine in a continuous developmental sequence demands medical decisions that are unjustified biologically."

There are certain to be decisions from that view. But Steptoe and Edwards can also play in publication such spin-off as progress toward identifying the root of megaploidy and other potentially soluble medical anomalies.

Meanwhile baby Louise seemed set on the road to health. The *Mail* and the *Financial Times* and *Express* which was out in on the staff were full of the gurgles and coos of nature, parenthood, and Steptoe's forecast that soon "a fairly large number of years will be doing this" was borne out by reports that a woman in her 30s was undergoing a similar procedure at London's St. Thomas' Hospital and a British and a German woman were expecting later in the year. It was an exciting thought: now which Steptoe and Edwards do not want to be assuming as they sit on the pleasurable duty of writing up their success for the learned journals. That it seems safe to suppose will be his story which even a six-page cheque will not be able to buy.

CAROL KENNEDY



SWAPO's Sam Nujoma reading with Karl Wadsworth, the UN's secretary general, in New York: something's not all right.

Bay South Africa claims that legally, Walu Bay, the "Way of the Big Fish" and will remain part of the republic. The Security Council's new view is that it must be "integrated" with Namibia.

In any case, the Security Council's decision leaves Walu Bay's future in the hands of the South African and a newly independent Namibia, but interpretations are running high and South Africa may well act to protect its claim.

The Walu Bay dispute is typical of the down-on-swinging crisis Namibia's future. On the surface there seems little to fight over. Most of the country is covered by the world's oldest desert, the Namib. The most serious threat to life in many parts of the territory is explained by the numerous one-word sand spraying "sand" blowing over desert is not from the sea but from the world's oldest desert, the Namib. The most serious threat to life in many parts of the territory is explained by the numerous one-word sand spraying "sand" blowing over desert is not from the sea but from the world's oldest desert, the Namib.

South African troops in Namibia: maybe they'll pull out... and maybe they won't.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### Breach-birth of a nation

It's called "The Land made by God in anger" a fair description of a territory long an inhospitable, scarcely habitable, with a 1,000 mile stretch so arid for decades it is known as "The Skeleton Coast." Yet the ancient, narrow, African territory of Namibia has become an international free port as the superpowers vie for control of a label that for 50 years has been the controversial way of South Africa.

That controversy reached a head as a Western-backed proposal to establish a majority rule government and end Namibia's 12-year-old apartheid was approved by the UN Security Council late last month. An obvious and perhaps cynical plan calls for a coalition of the war led by the South-backed South West African Peoples Organization (SWAPO) a 6,000-man UN peacekeeping force. The reduction of South African troops from an estimated 15,000 to 1,500, the suppression by a UN representative of a one-man one-vote election and transition to majority rule by December 31.

The proposal is the product of 15 months of tough negotiating with South and the South African, led by Sir Willem van Riebeeck—Canada, the U.S., Britain, France and Germany. And as the votes were counted in the Security Council, Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim moved swiftly to put his previous veto effect and it seemed likely following a flying visit to the UN by External Affairs Minister Dan Jaramba, that Canada would be playing a major part. Some reports suggested Thabo Mbeki might send a battalion of airborne troops as well as civilian administrators.

The UN decision came after South Africa's Foreign Minister P. W. Botha had lately entered a second resistance dealing with Namibia's only major port, Walu

of the Namib Desert giant ghost-wind, which comes up to 1,000 feet high—from one side of the road to the other. Namibia is a large country—four times the size of Great Britain. But it is so desolate that its population numbers only 850,000.

Unwinding its shifting sands, however, are the keys to its future place in the world and the importance of the peace plan, the minerals and tourism. As the Anglo-American Corporation's first oil Dragnet and some one million acres are reserved each year. There is also a treasure chest for the age of nuclear power as uranium deposits. Local economies believe that by the end of the decade the uranium will be producing between 10 and 15 per cent of the energy needs of the West's industrialized nations.

Namibia's third asset is Walu Bay. Again not much to look at—800 square miles of wasteland broken up only by shaly docks and a shanty port. Residents call it a town within a sand and claim it must make a fortune in the ever-present salt of fish. Yet those fish bring in some \$300 million a year, the biggest haul anywhere in southern Africa—and that takes





## A funny thing happened on the way to the ocean

They said it. The Iron Fleet—some tanks encumbered by the United States Navy to carry volatile cargoes to military bases around the world. The trouble is that it isn't just the cargoes that are volatile, it's the ships themselves. In a series of bizarre

iron-toward-gear into full speed astern. They managed to stop the engines just before the Pacific hit another vessel, so there wasn't much damage.

But they couldn't get it to go forward again. "I asked our people when they returned how the tow went and they just rolled their eyes," recalls a navy department official. "You wouldn't believe this great big tanker chugging around back seas. We called it the Pink Panther. Superfamous seamen decided the ep-

is account of its strategic value, which could upset the hopes.

Should the Western giant collapse, Namibia will be headed for a sort of independence on December 31 anyway, but on terms that would probably not be recognized by the outside world. Two years ago South African Prime Minister John Vorster appointed a controversial panel of all 11 ethnic groups to set terms for independence. But the effort was not recognized by sworn leader Sam Nujoma, who pledged to continue his sporadically effective "war of liberation" and never hold the reins of power. If the settlement collapses, the war will continue, and since Namibia cannot defend itself, it would be forced to rely on South African troops.

The Soviet Union might like nothing better. But in this rare case, the African nations have as far back as the West, mainly because a proper settlement could ease political tensions and troubled economies of surrounding countries, especially neighboring Angola where South's guerrillas are based, and Rhodesia. The Security Council's decision, therefore, could be the first important step toward peace in turbulent southern Africa.

DORIS MURKIN

### Boats at the UN: a few things to settle

held to go backward.

South Mediterranean which surged forward while undergoing engine tests in a Japanese port, snapping its moorings and throwing the gangway into the harbor. Before anyone knew what was happening, it too, slipped into reverse and trapped the lines in its propellers.

It was the human element that nearly sank the South China Sea. Because its automated control and telephone system were out of order. Hand signals were being used to maneuver in Los Angeles harbor last January. The signal for astern was put on the backside, that for forward a port on the head. But the men in the engine room mistook them up into the China Sea, reversing a tugboat, dragging it so badly it had to be towed away for scrap.

The sorry saga goes on. A fire in the engine room of the South Arabian Sea, controlled just when the crew was about to abandon ship, and then that can't be lowered or hauled up. Lifelines that are so difficult to launch they're useless in emergencies. Groundings of oil tankers. Currently all new ships are required by the U.S. Coast Guard to put an extra man on watch whenever they're in transoceanic port.

No one seems to know exactly what to blame. Some criticize the employers, others the ships' computerized automated gear, still others the crew. But on one fact all are agreed. As Coast Guard Rear Admiral William Dornier, the merchant marine safety chief, put it in a blinding glimpse of the obvious: "We do have problems with these ships—no two ways about it."

WILLIAM LUTHER

## People

Harry Ranky, whose unrelenting devotion to George Bernard Shaw, Tennessee Williams and Marc Chagall have made him probably the world's leading film biographer, has found another great life to do a film of playwright **Arthur Miller**. It was no easy job getting Miller to sit down then it was for Chagall. But Ranky, in his shattering documentary, pursued him for seven months until, in July, he got his subject from either corner in a four-hour taping. Miller has charmed publishers and public appearances for most of the past two decades, but marriage to Marilyn Monroe gave him enough for a lifetime. Ranky's 90-minute production will be



Miller (right) and Ranky, back in focus

shown on the NBC test screen, and it also looks to be bought by the American Public Broadcasting System. It will exclude some material from filmed versions of Miller's plays and film works on a future living stream, some readings by the author himself, especially from *Death of a Salesman*.

Originally, **Joan Baez** was going to be the *Salesman* icon to do a July 4 concert at a shrine, along with Santana and the Beach Boys. Then the Ramones, working in their usual mysterious ways, cancelled it, they being Baez, went anyway and ended up on



Rose: the using of the Velje bookperson

her first night in Mexico, with a group of film-makers, artists and musicians. One of the reasons—asked if she didn't want to hear his work. She did. They went to a video she describes as "funny," heard the title "and all but me an album of her own." They said this didn't want to explain me. I said "Go ahead and explain me." She did. 10 songs, including her own *Diamond and Rust* (Dylan's *Blowin' in the Wind*) and a slightly brutal *Russian song* with John McVie. "Let us now point out the white song. White and red and white prepares our roads to prison." It may never get released by the state-owned record company, but the album is almost done at underground acceptance, which for Baez seems more appropriate.

For the first time since she was a teen-ager, leaving the old *After Four* show on TV's Toronto, **Claudio Taylor** is taking a vacation from television—claiming that a new shape-up right now. With the worst kind of random—i.e. it's a W3—three years ago to join her mother, Katherine Mayer. Art Phillips (he is no longer Mayer) Taylor took her hand from the local from "last year looking a little worse" where *eddy's People Report* on the Vancouver *eddy's* side. But the Gail, she will not return, what she will be doing, in a future sitcom is called in campaigning for Phillips, who is running for the Liberal. When the show is over, she'll be back in television in Ottawa (if the word is on Vancouver, if he loses), in both places she has a lot of admirers of work.

**Tapier** perfecting the Art of politics

In case that and a rough *Van* (Lacrosse books around a victory, which hood) Toronto-based author **Philippe van Rijn** has yet another one due for publication this fall. The anonymous van Rijn (his personal background, which includes times of professional ups, activity in virtually unknown to have joined a speculative historical novel called *The Trial of Adele Mier*. The premise is that Hitler survives his 1945 suicide attempt, escapes to southern Germany, and for 25 years gets by as the owner of a gambling casino. He'll be devoted to re-emerge, becoming the times, and demands a trial—which he gets before a special United Nations Tribunal. Van Rijn, who came to prominence with *The Transatlantic Collection* which concerns Nazi-Vietnam complicity during the war, says of his latest book: "It is a terrifying playing both sides of the trail—and writing about someone who'd crossed the line from genius to madness."



accidents better suited to Mary. Nylon from real life on the ocean waves they have emboldened the Pentagon, scared their crews left and right/low are drifting toward a series of court appearances.

Things went wrong from the start. The first of the fleet, the 25,000-ton SS Costa Concordia was painted budgingly a variety of red and grey because of a mix-up. Then it was out of San Pedro California, on its maiden voyage nearly four years ago it slipped, for no apparent reason

look was a bad omen—and events have proved them right. The fleet total cost \$180 million, is now the object of a legal tangle of claims and counterclaims which add up to more than \$150 million. Some of the fiercest incidents from the fleet involve.

The SS Costa Concordia—another "iron" that is happier in reverse. It slipped its gears during a voyage from England to the Virgin Islands last fall and there was nothing the crew could do about it. It put

# Business

## It seems that Ford does have a better idea

It was, perhaps, precisely the right setting to conclude months of negotiations. Those two long-standing Canadian insurance firms—provincial fire and life insurance companies, meeting for a quarterly Canadian tape—the hip-jazzy Calgary Stampede. It was a sunny Friday, shortly after high noon following the three-hour Stampede opening parade last month, when the four players gathered for the final round. Standing at a reception in front of hotel Ford Calgary were Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, his lady-in-wait Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner, Ontario Premier William Davis, and Ford Motor Co. of Canada President Roy Bennett.

Settled during those 15 minutes, as 300 men milled about with drinks in hand, were the \$66-million costs not paid up yet by both governments to cancel the U.S.-based Ford Motor Co. in its U.S. version plant in Windsor, Ontario. Money earned, according to Ford, to offset a variety of higher Canadian costs compared with expanding an existing engine plant in Leno, Ohio, only 300 miles across the border from Windsor.

At stake in the decision expected from Ford this month is much more than the 2,600 jobs the \$500-million plant would create. Overall, the North American automotive companies will spend \$60 billion before 1985 as they make smaller, tighter bodies to conserve energy and meet stringent environmental standards. And there is an uneasy feeling in Canada that if Ohio is selected for this plant, the whole momentum of auto industry investment could drift unevenly toward the United States. In Ontario, where the auto industry accounts for one job in six, such drift matters. If the bid package failed to convince powerful Henry Ford II sitting in Dearborn, Michigan, Canada may face another auto-model dilemma, becoming only an assembler in its rising factories.

The Stampede negotiations ended a noisy debate which sprang up between Ottawa and Ontario in the months following Roy Bennett's approach for aid. While each side traded positions, both share some resentment and resignation over successes to companies such as Ford, with 1977 profits of \$16.7 billion on \$5.7 billion in sales.

For Canada, the auto pact has meant jobs, more money, greater productivity and tariffed trade growth, reaching about \$20 billion last year. It does not control where companies invest, build plants or create jobs. Nor does it guarantee balanced trade—a sore point for Canada, in a

deficit position for all but three years.

For his part, Bennett was not pushing for government help, but for cost containment costs and provincial sales taxes as reasons why Ford could save \$30 million by building in the U.S. In addition, southern U.S. member states have been using lower labor rates and other incentives to attract plants from the mid and south central, southern states to get back work. A \$200-million 1978 Pennsylvania package for Volkswagen set today's competitive pace.

So it was a high-stakes poker game that opened in February when Horner telephoned Ontario Minister of Industry and Tourism John Rhodes to ask for 25 per cent of the \$30 million Ford said it needed. But Ontario said no, according to Ottawa, so Ontario offered \$20 million. It's been a long game for policy. Ontario kept studying the issue, assuming Ontario was looking for auto manufacturers prior to a possible spring election. At the same time, provincial inter-departmental differences appeared. Rhodes' department leaned toward grants, Premier Davis seemed to be tipping away and provincial Treasurer Danny McKeough was against. In an April 8 speech in Chatham, Ont., he said "It would be inadvisable to offer massive subsidies to the largest manufacturing corporations in the world." But efforts at Chatham and American, Mexican Integrated meetings in April between the industry and Ottawa when the industry message was, "Companies may not like incentives, but they certainly need to offset."

On May 26, federal officials told Ottawa of a program under discussion for the auto industry in such main areas as Southern Ontario. The three-for-one proposition included both loans and grants. At Ottawa's request, McKeough and Rhodes met with Federal Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, Horner and deputy ministers on June 5 in the trade headquarters. Discussion wandered in circles for an hour before jumping to a close. Ontario had hoped to hear more about the three-for-one general auto industry proposal. Ottawa thought Ontario was just trying to show the public that it was interested.

\*Formally called the Agreement Concerning Automotive Trade between the Government of the United States and the Government of Canada, the two sides are negotiating the deal in effect since January 14, 1977.



The situation changed dramatically during the opening week when Ford's Bennett told Ottawa June 14 the grant needed was \$75 million, not \$20 million. It was now a new Canadian plant versus expansion of an existing U.S. plant, not the new U.S. plant previously planned. Ottawa told Bennett it simply would depend on Ottawa.

Ed Stewart, Premier Davis' deputy minister and top aide, recalls the dilemma. "We had to decide whether we really wanted the Ford vehicle plant to come to Ontario or whether we wanted to develop arguments as to why it didn't happen. How really would it, we had to play the game and we had to play it by the rules we had's written."

On June 21, the Ontario cabinet dealt it will run the game on a 75.25-hour offering \$18.75 million if Ontario would put up \$36.25 million as part of a package. The federal cabinet considered on June 22 with a one-for-one offer, each side to chip in \$37.5 million, arguing that any more from Ontario would jeopardize the cost program for disadvantaged areas.

Ottawa was stunned, charging that Ot-

**Trudeau at the Stampede, just before the deal was struck, and Henry Ford II (below) in front of Ford in last June's**

two merged on to three-for-one offer. "I am very much afraid," Rhodes told the Ontario legislature the following day. "That the Ford plant will now be lost." "We recognized," says a Horner aide, "they [Ontario] were going through a public change in position that was rather dramatic. Politicians do extreme things to deal with their extreme changes in position."

On June 26 with time for a decision running out, the Ontario cabinet suggested a one-for-two proposition, putting Ontario in for \$25 million, Ontario \$50 million. A wilyly savvy Trudeau lashed out during an Ottawa news conference June 30 saying, "We are the guys who put the \$30 million on the table and have been trying to get Ford here for many months at a time when the Ontario government was dragging its feet." Putting for emphasis, he added his own pronunciation, "Full stop" and left. To his, however, composed between officials from both governments led by federal aid (Deputy Minister G. P. Chisholm) and Ontario Industry and Tourism Deputy Minister James Bell. At a meeting that evening in the Confederation Hotel's Room 855 near Toronto International Airport, Ottawa suggested Ford's figures were high and work by that holiday weekend to form the request.

By Thursday the day before the Calgary Stampede opened, Bennett was grilling nervous. He said he had an offer to take to his U.S. partner firm Monday. Finally, after lengthy officials in Ottawa and Toronto he boarded a plane for Calgary Friday morning, simply leaving Horner, Davis and Trudeau were there.

Meanwhile, Bell showed Ed Stewart new figures produced by officials at \$10 million, confirming assumptions that Ford's \$75 million with high. Bell asked Stewart to call his counterpart, Art Coombs, Trudeau's principal secretary in Ottawa. During that seven-minute conversation Stewart asked Coombs, "Do we really want the plant for Ontario and Canada or don't we?" Coombs agreed that a last hand should be played and Stewart decided the deal should be consummated by saying, "There will be getting a hell from Chisholm's." More numbers were exchanged by the deputy ministers while Trudeau, as grand marshal, and Horner as Horner rode horses in the Stampede parade. They soon found in the evening stand at 11 a.m. to watch the parade's last hour. Amidst hockey players, singers, high commissioners, wives and others, their first politicians were unaware the first poker hand had been dealt.

Trudeau left before the parade ended and was briefed in his nearby Royal Seasons Hotel. Davis was briefed before visiting on a luncheon with Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed. Officials had come up with two sets of figures, two different ways of sharing the cost, grant and left it to the politicians to negotiate agreement.

Davis and Bennett talked in front of the microphones up late and were joined by Horner. Trudeau took a long walk with hands with many of the guests gathered on the grass, made the fourth. Both governments moved during those pre-lunch talks with Trudeau agreeing to put up \$40 million. Davis bringing Ottawa in for \$24 million, about a 65-35 split. At 1 p.m., Horner, Trudeau and Davis headed into the bar for drink and off the record speeches, leaving a smiling Roy Bennett, who had not been invited to the exclusive lunch.

Ottawa's press office was not known, but William Ivers, executive vice-president for Ford's North American automotive operations, said last the Canadian grant made the two "about a wash." "While the final decision rested with Henry Ford II and his executive committee, and the auto pact's terms remained unclear, debate on government policy on grants to industry is certainly not yet over. Auto officials put it: "If you held out and the deficit worsens and the investment goes somewhere else, you're accused of not doing anything. If you go along, you're accused of conspiring with blackmail, if you make an offer and then you're accused of being cheap, if you get into it and you're successful, you're accused of giving away the taxpayer's money."

ROBERTSON McQUEEN



COURTESY OF FORD MOTOR CO.

# Billy Martin has made the world of baseball a better place—by leaving it

Column by John Gault

One of the more reviling spectacles of the past couple of weeks was the act laid on by sportsman Howard Cosell (a rather reviling spectacle himself, even at the best of times) over the forced resignation of manager Billy Martin from the New York Yankees. To hear Cosell tell it, the event unfolded with—as slightly above—the abdication of Edward VIII, Douglas MacArthur's firing and Richard Nixon's black being cut from the White House. Not in a lifetime alive in the days that followed was Cosell's reaction (followed by the *ABC's Monday Night Baseball*) as ridiculed one. For some reason, some people had great sympathy for the vaguely named idiot who was in the position of leading his team to a third- or fourth-place finish in the American League's Eastern Division. Disparaging included "the quintessential Yankee," and Martin himself, as his party line forced to the press, spoke in "I am a Yankee, now and forever" bombast. And by Saturday he was looking like a prophet, as he was ridiculed for the 1980 season—was more indication of how ridiculous a concept baseball has become.

Never mind that 18 years passed between the time the Yankees traded him away back in 1957—mostly because of this corrupting influence on the great Mickey Martin, the trade came after a brawl in a New York restaurant—and his return to the Yankees in 1975, or that he played for scattered weeks on managed seven other teams. The fact is that Billy Martin to pure Yankee fans was never the quintessential Yankee. He was not a Yankee at all.

A Yankee, you see, has dignity. A Yankee should at least be played the game. That is myth, of course, one that was totally exploded in Jim Bouton's *Bull Faced* a Yankee, even a drinking, alcoholist like Martin, is pretty much like anybody else—in the uniform of course, and Billy Martin had no more as a player than as a manager. (He must have been proud of himself the day he beat the hell out of poor Jimmy Piersall, the Red Sox owner's father with the well-publicized psychomotor problems in the alleyway in the team dressing room; some fear for a trained boxer Martin was and is a slug, and it would be not even as especially good manager.)

In 1977 he took the free team money could buy and come within three games of blowing it. The pennant, they say, slipped through the six playoffs and into the World Series over a Dodger team that was well cooled after losing to the pennant in the National League West. Martin had a pre-bombard bull club just as Casey Stengel had



Martin on departure day: close will out

in the great Yankee system of the 1940s. But Stengel knew how to push the buttons while Martin preached at those Monday morning meetings, moving, as often as not, too early or too late.

And yes, under Martin the Yankees returned to prominence. Yastuski was who had wanted more than a decade for the World Championship to return to its rightful place, were happy again. But not even really happy; that was not a Yankee team, this was a Garthogan Gang. Consider Reggie Jackson, as reported in his own way in Martin, the summer he goes (which may have already happened as you read this) the better. He is no Yankee. Not is Thomas Mouton, he talks too much, and most of what he says is unadvisable, and besides anybody who wants to be traded to Cleveland deserves to be there. Third baseman Graig Nettles is a True Yankee, who slugs up and plays vigorously and knows how to handle (and it's interesting that he was almost traded before the season

opened). Roy White, the coach during some time out of the Yankees, and a very unhappy one under Martin, who seemed determined to keep him out of the lineup as much as possible—dropped the fact that when White plays his team generally wins. White, using his accuracy, would a little this season.

What it comes down to is that from George Steinbrenner, Yankee principal owner and credited fellow campaign contribution, allegations involving the aforementioned Richard Nixon down through Club President Al Rosen and new Field Manager Bob Lemon (both former Cleveland Indians) is most of the starting lineup, this is not a Yankee team. It is a hard team to cheer for, especially for those of us who lived through the DiMaggio-Bernie Ponder-Pond-Skovron era and appreciate it. And anybody who thinks in these buy-in periods, every-win-for-ten years, that those days are gone forever should just take a look at the team that's currently leading the AL East, the Boston Red Sox. They are the Yankees of old.

# New Benson & Hedges Lights King Size

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# Science

## The Global Village is about to be rewired

The future as captured in the '70s is not so much the old Buck Rogers vision of jet-propelled automobiles, glass-domed cities and jet packs as it is a cartoon's dream. Hunkered in a corner of every living room are the home computer terminal, connecting ordinary owners with all the contacts and resources of life: video education, electronic mail, teleconferencing, the local data bank, remote control shopping, and entertainment via TV or video-cassette. Though integrated circuitry and other new solid state happenings are revolutionizing the economics of computer hardware, the computer age will seem a long way off—particularly for the five million people who live at rural and semi-rural Canada, which has stayed a communications backwater through several revolutions of technology. But recently the federal government announced an experiment that will bump one small Manitoba town well into the future, turning it into a working model of the computer era.

The 150 people who live in Elm, 10 miles west of Winnipeg, will soon—with no resistance—track their party lines, their single TV channel, and their car radio for the features of an experimental communica-

tions system based on a new technology fibre optic. And fibre optics—the transmission of voice and information through hair-thin glass fibres by light pulses—are the final technological achievement necessary to tie to the computer revolution. Their information-carrying capacity is almost twice faster than glass fibre as an alternative of an analog in diameter can carry 50,000 to 500,000 one-way voice circuits. The Manitoba Telephone System and the federal government, co-sponsors of the project, hope that by 1983 150 households in and around Elm will have single-point telephones, fibre or coaxial TV channels, radio, and two-way computer backups for services like teleshopping and banking from the home.

While certainly intended as a first effort at developing rural services, the Elm project has a second aim. When Communications Minister Jeanne Sauvé announced the program in June, she described fibre optics as "one of the hottest technological properties of the '70s. Western nations are

The optic fibre (in hand) in 14 lines more efficient than the twisted cable; it can conduct up to 600,000 voice circuits

struggling to perfect and introduce it and a worldwide race is on." Canada is scrambling with the likes of the United States and Japan—and leading in the fibre. Elm will give Canadian industry the field experience it needs to maintain that lead. Sauvé says that Canada's research and development lag seriously threatens the economy, and fibre optics is one industrial backbone the country should not—especially since the industry is expected to grow with more than \$1 billion by 1992 in North America alone.

The idea of transmitting messages by light is not new. For years seamen beamed wireless, and to recreation scientists have measured pulse information in response as rays of sunlight. In 1880, Alexander Graham Bell actually avoided a "phonograph" that used a narrow sunbeam to transmit notes over a short distance ("I have heard atrocious speech produced by sunlight. I have heard a ray of the sun laugh and cough and sing!"). Bell's other invention was at the time considered more promising. Now recent advances in laser and glass fibre technology have made light signal transmission practical: long sophisticated lasers generate light pulses of a high rate and ultra-transparent glass fibres that in a hair can carry these pulses over long distances with minimal signal loss.

The size, weight, and massive information-carrying capacity of glass fibre easily enable many copper cables, the staple of present communications systems—with an extra advantage: Glass and light deliver a clean signal because they're immune to electrical interference, jamming, signal fading, and cross-coupling. All these qualities have persuaded the military to invest in Bell-Northern's six-year-old fibre optics research program. Canada's first light communications system was installed by Bell-Northern in 1976 at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa—a virtually untappable internal telephone, two-way closed circuit TV and high-speed data link. Richard Skiffes, general manager of Northern Telecom's optical systems division, says it was the first technological fall-out from military-funded research that brought fibre optics so quickly to the domestic experiment stage.

If Elm is the preview, what can the rest of the country expect the main event—a fibre-optics hookup to the future? In December, Bell Canada will be running glass fibres developed by Bell-Northern into 43 households in the Yorkville area of Toronto in order to work out the urban bugs. Skiffes says this, though the technology used in the Elm experiment can be applied anywhere. The costs are still too high. But with increasing military support he predicts affordable fibre optics systems by the mid-1980s. Skiffes is certain that fibre optics are the wave of the future, both economically and scientifically. "The fact that it is a new technology gives us, at Canadians, an important chance to survive among world manufacturing giants."

# Environment

## Further proof that bureaucrats are for the birds

About 120 miles northwest of Toronto is Haliburton, Ontario, frontier Jim Calder, 67, stands defiantly in front of his flock of 40 Canada Geese. The geese are delicately picking their way across the field to reach about in a pond. They are large birds, some as big as 15 pounds, with stubby beaks and white belly legs. "The last of the flock," mutters Calder. "Damn loud government

of the more badly behaved ones is the native habitat of the Muskrat Goose. Soot waterfowl biologists lean to the idea that it was never native to Ontario but was found in small flocks on the Prairies and has always favored the midwest United States. This mainland because the Ontario ministry of natural resources is in cooperation with the federal Canadian Wildlife Service had

them they had never migrated to be Toronto, and only if it is desperate need of food or open water. The big birds didn't fancy the idea of wading their way in a Jordanian landscape through heavily infested areas. "We told these fellows in high winter leather boots," says Jim Calder, "we told them they had to migrate, but they wouldn't listen." Concludes Greg Graham, Co-ordinator of the Canadian Wildlife Service. "The Muskrat Canada Goose is barely migratory, but we decided there would be a number of advantages in changing this. It would be cheaper—we'd save the cost of winter food. There's the problem of crop destruction by hungry winter flocks." Says Jim Calder. "You know the best way of raising



won't let us keep them. Got to get a permit to get in the province."

A few years ago Calder and his brother John, 69, had about 500 of the Greater (Muskrat) Canada Geese. They were bulky, stout, "because we like animals" just like the 300 wild ducks, 22 per cent of the flock of some-time elk, one ostrich and three horses who on the farm. Mind you, there are no no-no-the-eat-pork flock in 1978 the Calder's purchased a couple of geese and when they grew into 14-pound monsters the Calder's discovered they had the Greater Canada Goose on their hands. "Oh yes," confirms Harry Lundquist, waterfowl biologist for the province of Ontario, "the Calder flock of 1977 was one of the first two flocks of Muskrat Canada Goose in this province." The rarity of the species and the Calder's success in raising it was to prove their undoing. Caught in the never-ending land of bureaucratic red tape, the government, indeed the Calder have lost their flock, four ducks and the parent pair of more than 30 years.

Everything was fine until about 1968. Then the Ontario government decided that its special regulatory staff should not be tied to wildlife. The Ontario ministry of natural resources wanted some Muskrat Geese of its own to relocate later the biologists. In the field of ornithology, one



These much disputed geese (page 10) and Jim Calder with his (page 11) types of first up

decided that the Muskrat Canada Goose was to act like a regular native-bird Canada Goose and be a migratory bird. Accordingly, various areas in Ontario—Lakes Huron, Long Point, Keweenaw—were stocked with Muskrat Geese who were firmly instructed to behave like good old overseas and migrant south for the winter. The birds were not impressed. The fur-

wid animals? You just have them alone. But these other chicks could never figure this out about other geese or people. When meadow and lettuce failed to tempt the birds, they were passed along to people. People like the Calder, who were told they could no longer feed their geese year-round without a special permit. Or that it was illegal to propogate the Calder flock. The raising season was closed up in January provincial areas like Holland. The idea was to stamp and scare the birds into migrating. The



only significant result was that with private animal lovers no longer allowed to feed the birds, the Maxims Geese took off to urban centers like Toronto Island and stayed to become a nuisance to airplanes. Perhaps it was this that gave Natural Resources the idea of bringing plaques and birds even closer together. In 1976 they raised three jays and 300 geese, sent both in place, were given to Teesdale for the winter. But only 15 of them found their way back to Ontario. Estimated cost of the trip: \$10,000.

Meanwhile back at the Calder farm this summer, when the Hydros came across toward the Holston side roads to check out the lines, there were no more geese. "We got used to seeing on the roadside and watching them while we had lunch," said one of the Hydros men. "What happened?" Well, one owl servant knew, but being a wild old bird himself decided to take refuge in anonymity. "I'll tell you," said the owl, his beak open, "they got taken!" "The geese were shot by hunters or woe to Toronto where there was food. None of this would have happened if the Calders had been left alone, but as far as the Canadian Wildlife Service is concerned, the individual is a bureaucratic problem. The name of the regulatory agency gives it power. There's no way they're going to give the Calders permission to raise free flying geese though there's no earthly reason why they shouldn't."

The owl servants recognize their reasons, the danger caused to agricultural crops in winter, the high cost to taxpayers for winter feeding, and, frankly, the danger from hunters. It doesn't seem to occur to them as it did to many local residents, that since the birds seem to be stubbornly non-migratory the solution to all three problems is to leave them with people like the Calders instead of moving on a "Go South Young Geese" program. Went Joan Ralston in a local paper, the *Mount Forest Californian*. "The industry of animal resources seems to regard the Calders' feeding of this rare species as causing some sort of moral degradation in the birds—as if they would ever do anything, but let's avoid the Calder furs, catching geese and keeping everyone up at night with bon-toned drinking songs." Is the owl the barnyard's true refuge or is their own sanctuary of regulations? Jim Calder never replied for a special person to keep flying geese. "Innocence Jim Shiner, head of regulations and enforcement, with a hint of triumph. So, as usual? Ontario bureaucrats pointed out, since Calder had been raising geese long before this generation of bureaucrats ever got out of their eggs, why would he have to?"

The month with the hanging season only weeks away, Jim Calder takes a last look at his remaining 46 Maxims Geese. "That's it," he says. "I'll not see them again." Then he turns to his brother. "We'll show those jays what we're made of. We'll go out raising geese. You don't need a permit for that." Yet.

BARRABA ABRAHAM

# Outdoors

## Ride the high country (not to mention the low)

Usually the Swainsburg Swamp near Woodstock, Ontario, is dead quiet at 1:30 a.m. But one black night this summer a strange creature stalked along the marsh road—slowly, stealthily. With red and white lights, it glowed quietly, moved at 15 mph and (loath owners) shed a human leech.

The mystery (not talked out to be a pack of 30 cyclists braving through the darkness with generator lights humming and orange belt-beaming pelicans (Nanticoke) in support) being the ride among cyclists, an eerie green wind of light also glowed under one rider's saddle. It was the 35-mile Midnight Kumbie, one of 10 group tours that highlighted The Great Canadian Bicycle Rally, held at Woodstock over the July 1 weekend. The 838 cyclists at the

second cross-country tour and this summer he issued a big difference. "I met for more touring cyclists on the road. People are discovering that it's a great way to see the country and meet the people." Community cycle groups in every province are also surprised to find that their weekend touring—going together to cycle 30 miles for pleasure—are beginning to attract riders referred to by the old-style cyclists as *assholes*. Local clubs now run Sunday randos, evening city rides and camping events, such as the three-day, 100-mile tour of Nova Scotia's Cabot Trail organized by the Velo Halifax Bicycle Club. "We don't even worry about April 1 to November 16," says club President Gail Kerr. "The first few years it was always the same regu-



Cyclist Max Perry pursuing lunch at the Woodstock rally (above), Linda Harrison and Susan Miller preparing to mount up (right), so many sights previously unseen

second annual celebration were a mix of men and women cyclists from Maine, Finland, 21 states and all of the provinces. But the event, sponsored by the Ontario Cycling Association, was largely inspired by a new enthusiasm for cycle touring and a new breed of recreational cyclist. Across the country cycling associations are beginning to attract the summer as well as the committed racer with offers of everything from 100-mile jaunts to 15-mile family tours selected for scenery and history.

Circle 1980s, 61, rode his 18 speed at a "comfortable pace" of 75 to 80 miles a day from his home in White Rock, B.C. to attend the Woodstock rally. It was his



Little Sisters struggling six miles uphill in British Columbia's Rockies (left) and an Ontario family, John Kirkpatrick and sons Ryan and Sean, three-for-the-ride (below)

him, but now we're seeing new faces. It's definitely on the upswing." Larry Kable, president of the Maple Ridge Whalers in B.C., agrees. "There was a little boom in 1971-72 when people bought 10-speeds, but they didn't necessarily use them. Now people are beginning to really ride."

Even Buel, Alberta's commercial playground, acquired its first cycle tour between the season. For \$165 Rocky Mountain Cycle Tours comes baggage and pre-packed meals for cyclists on a five-day up to Jasper and back. But most cyclists are still the work of committed amateurs like Tom Perry, recreational director of the Ontario Cycling Association. Perry, with a calendar that often 60 hours annually, can spend four hours a day answering his "bicycle mail"—requests about routes and road conditions. "In 1974, we might have had a dozen riders out for a Sunday tour," says Perry. "Now we'll get 150 for a ride like the August 13 Tour of Canada, east to west." This includes what Perry calls the new breed of cyclist: the ones who like to combine a long drive in the country and eat in unappetizing cafes. "There's a tourism on one mode that serves edited meals and houses," says Perry. "I think that brings them out."

It's understandable. Cycle touring offers city people an adventure that is easily accessible, social, healthy, and cheaper than a movie. On a Tom Perry tour, the \$13.50 fee includes a hand-delivered map with historical notes, a "bag wagon" which trails behind to accept the weary, and assorted hedges and cushions. The hedges are hot stuff, of course, but become relaxed with meaning alone, say, including the Niagara Escarpment in a head wind.

Cyclists in crowds, however, continue to be something of a paradox. A confab of individualism. A herd of loons. At the Woodstock rally, both the old breed of cyclist—the non-lightweight pedal—and the new converts came together. On one 24-mile ride was Linda Harrison, 51, of King Township, Ont., who began cycle touring three years ago. She was an athlete on her bike, a layman's mirror on her phone, and she likes to stop and take in someone along the way. "For me, it's half culture, half sport."

In the evening, the Woodstock cyclists crowded into the innkeeper's parlor for a square dance. But even the best on a little ride, a class. Bill Lester was camped for years from the comforted. He had rigged up a shelter with a tarpaulin and tent, and he sat beneath it in a pool of light, humming and sewing badges on his jacket. Selling cross-legged under his pavilion, he looked like a bicyclist's buddy, his bonnet perched, he remained part of a growing family of self-propelled, self-governed club of recreational cyclists. MARK LUCAS



JOHN KIRKPATRICK

JOHN KIRKPATRICK

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JOHN KIRKPATRICK

# Be it ever so (increasingly) humble, there's no place like home

Column by Mordecai Richler

Good news for denouncing Montreal: leaving Layton, officially 66, antedated to a person, but, so you and I know, still Canada's youngest writer, has returned, putting unrepentant Toronto behind him. While this will not compensate for the departure of Sam Laid and the rest, it certainly means some fun for a writing city. Once more, the drizzly future-to-the-editor columns of the *Star* and the *Gazette* will be enriched by the poet's tarting musings. Layton, discovering socialism, denouncing them, practicing for years several occupations.

Look up your daughters, Weinstein, our prodigal has returned. He has not come home empty-handed either, but bearing a gift. A baguette. A deluxe edition of his latest book of poems, illustrated by Graham Coughlin, available for a mere \$1,000 a copy.

When he returned, Montreal said years ago, Layton observed that the English-speaking community was "being squeezed out slowly but surely" and, in a dramatic phrase, "The French candles were going out." Grieving, he also noted, "I've had very little contact with the French-Canadian community in the 15 years in the city for me to start embracing a culture I know very little about." But, obviously, after nine years among the *Belles-lettres* of Toronto, absorbing a certain *je ne sais quoi*, he has improved immensely on his self-confessed ignorance, for he now says, in the soft tones of separation, "I choose Quebec." Furthermore, Layton admits, "In Montreal, I met a lot of people's faces, acceptance of others for what they are, not what their bank balances represent," while Toronto is a city he now perceives spiritually dead, no place for accents or visions.

Well, well. I'm glad to hear the children, wandering Layton back on my street, but I can't agree with him about Toronto, that molting city, though I feel it an increasingly risky place for strangers.

According to a recent report in *The Globe* and *Mail*, men with proposition hidden in Toronto will now be subject to arrest, which will sort of take the back out of publishers' cocktail parties, and means out-of-towners would be well advised to

think twice before asking a lady for a street direction. Already, deeply members of Toronto's intemperate police force, trooped out in changing chaffs and party hats, perhaps, and scouted with Chum, have headed hundreds of aggressively heterosexual men.

Beware, travellers. The ailing young lady you embrace back to your room in the bus on the Park may turn out to be a stopping police sergeant, more likely to believe your changing hat than respond to

their trousers on the street.

Toronto's new panache baffles me, because the signs of the city I grew up with was that of Sodom-with-a-back-to-the-city. Smothering, with its reputation photographs of brown noses, its abundance of bare Dashiell beards, came out of Toronto. So did the memorable *Junior Weekly*, with its cadence but thrilling correspondence in the pleasures of speaking.

In 1968, visiting Montreal, putting all those warm faces behind him, Layton observed that there had been a cultural shift. Toronto was now the nation's capital.

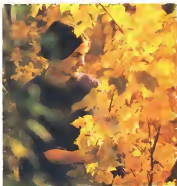
Whatever my recreations about Toronto, I fear the poet was right the first time. Undoubtedly, Toronto is now English-speaking Canada's cultural Big Apple. Why, in Montreal many of us who want to know what's really going on in Quebec City have been reduced to making the out-of-town *Globe* and *Mail* our morning newspaper, if only because William Johnson's reports out of our provincial capital are more penetrating than anything offered in our own *Star* or *Gazette*. Neither do we have any book pages to compare with those in the *Globe*'s *Star*-day edition.

Montreal, an economic city since long before the 19th-century power, it also an English-speaking cultural decline. McGill's English department is not the equal of the University of Toronto's. Far from it. And there are no interesting book publishers here. English-language production at the CBC is negligible. Our country theatre is just below. Lamentably, not even the *Star*. There are no literary magazines of any importance coming out of Montreal anymore. The films that are still being made here are, for the most part, embarrassing. Mindless. And to import culture in its broadest sense, it should also be noted that the Canadian edition of *Time*, once produced here, has been run out of the country, and a much improved *Weekend* has shifted to Toronto. Having unapologetically guided cultural as well as economic life in Toronto, what are we left with in a back on the only trophy that really matters in this country—the Stanley Cup—and the one Canadian city that enjoys real physical presence. Boston's submission.

your hanging ankles.

I can't agree with Layton that Toronto, which once offers Marlowe ransoms to the world-at-large, is spiritually dead, but it must be said that it is still a city where joy is somewhat confined. In Toronto's ball park, a unique place, where I'm assured the fastest quiet in such a city you can usually hear a fly drop, so long as it is used to first swinging in the sun lot they become so accustomed to its scarily cheer have run out loud, ensuring the players.

And you, sure, those grand orange-brown hair in a ball park and the men thing you know they will want to sell the stuff at hockey game intermissions, just as in downtown Montreal, where the cops, an inhibited bunch, actually still wear



Office of tourism in Canada  
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# Canada

So much to go for.

# Show Business

The morning after the night before

Robert Charlebois once saved people. He was sequenced hockey seasons using an *avant-garde*, played loud, proud rock 'n' roll in smoky, grubby clubs like the Tuxedo Show Bar and threatened to break the sound barrier with his *jeu de mots* Québec. Nowadays he plays a lot of golf and lounge and with Power Corp. mogul Paul Desmarès. Perhaps Julien made the occasional anguished voice carrier from her listening, private songs in the supercharged atmospheric atmosphere of clubs like Le Pavillon back in the late '60s. Later, she was arrested under the War Measures Act of 1970, likely, the co-hosts on a sensible afternoon chat show on TV for Radio-Canada. Yvon Deschamps' monologues in rejection, "Ô le bon jour, un job étonnant, la histoire de Québec, les cravats squarant in their seats, uncomfortable in their complacency. All's quiet past of his summer holiday looking over scripts for proposed TV sitcoms offered him by the Normes Lait organisation in Hollywood. And Frisby Galtier has already named *Man Page* into *From New York to L.A.*

Once, and probably still, the envy of English-Canadian performers, with its energy, reality, raw system and big-back home office, it's slower in Québec to quiet these days.

Michel Tremblay isn't writing plays anymore and many Québec film-makers can no longer find financing for their projects. Gilles Carlin, Claude Jutra, Denis Arnaud and Denis Héroux are working in television, either outside Québec or abroad, but with outside money. Round tables are down (yes slightly) and a bigger chunk of them are going to American table-top games like *Shasta County* and *Dickie Boudier*, leaving a smaller share of the market for longshore sales.



Julien (above) and the new boy, Piche (below) where has all the lions gone?



The big question is when's exiting the show? Is it time for a changing of the guard, to make room for the new kids coming on? Or did the coming to power of the Parti Québécois take the wind out of some of Québec's previously pulled sails? In the spring of 1977 Tremblay was saying that the situation had changed things. "There we have a government, our government, to take care of those things we've been talking about for years. It's time to do other things."

Georges-Hébert Gervais, a journalist and actor who did it himself, couldn't wait to say it. "A turning point. We're using the same language off we saw in the States after Vietnam and Watergate. We're in a tough, suffering from artistic influence. And the impact of the songs has changed. They were precious before, like Communism, you're bonded with your hands clasped. The songs may be better technically, but they just don't have the same impact. Old doors are closing and new ones are opening. It'll be interesting to see which of the new-born artists will carry on to new things."

Yvon Deschamps was at it an entirely predictable one of change. "Ten years ago, people wanted to see characters; if you sang about trawlers, the tide and fishing, you worked. Then there was the impact period. Lots of Québec ideas, and some that, as Vigneault put it, had 'a demand' at the beginning, lots of open space in the middle and at the end, in short. Just because there's been a change in government doesn't change the fact that Vigneault is a giant poet. But now the audience is coming to see the artist, not the style."

A rather pragmatic explanation for the lack of spirit comes from Yvon Saurd, manager of supergroup Bess Doreme. "It's different now. The Liberals were opposed to, and I think afraid of, pop culture. The Parti Québécois is much more sympathetic, and much more conscious of the importance of the culture." And it's hard to hate the band that feeds you. The government has set up programs to encourage newbies to get into the recording business, it will also subsidize trips outside the country for known performers. If it's good for export sales and appreciation of Québec culture, the money can be found.

Newcomer like Paul Piché, the current king of the radio and record buyers in the province, are a symbol for. "The old guys have too much confidence in the Parti Québécois. They're all part of the same bourgeoisie. There's more in life in Québec than in Quebecism. Facing up now would be getting before the job is done. I don't see how anyone can say it's time to do other things. There's lots of work to be done." A horde of new kids are waiting in the wings. Some of them are headily complacent that the big names are blocking the way. For those raised in the heady atmosphere of the '60s and early '70s, watching it slow down now is maddening to say ordinary from champagne. Where's the fix?

WAYNE GREGORY

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# Films

Movie in the sky with diamonds



SIT: PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB DINO  
Directed by Michael Schultz

Such boundless energy and exuberance go into this fun-falling spiff of the screen in Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band that you leave the theatre, wondering, *revisited* that you've been dragged away from the Peary-Luna Arctic. As a pop history musical it's prodigiously playful, true to the spirit of the Beatles. It's also done something nobody thought possible—brought back the '60s mad, like the Beatles wrote that well do story. It's not so much about what we're to what we can possibly become. ("There's nothing you can do that can't be done.") This big, beautiful Band-Aid is a way to get back home again.

Conceding myself to repetition in L.A. by the surrealism recording of 80 (Big Deal) Records (gold-looked) Beatles. Wearing one discreet earring, Sgt. Pepper's Band, played by the voices, without Beat Glee and Pro-Raphaels Peter Hampton, leave their apical home (Hawaii) to be, corrected by Mike McManis (Frankie Howerd), a subaltern in the service of an end peak rock band. Love's left behind, too, in the person of Strawberry Fields (a manning spouse). Stony Pardon (the Black-and-white concept) little it out to the fresh Port Disney panel cutout, port Fanzine pop opera. Sgt. Pepper has the pull of a wildly imaginative delivery.

Producer Robert Stigwood (Guns) successfully passed that "Nothing random like room," and the script, aggressive weaving of over two dozen Beatles songs into a seamless narrative by screenwriter Henry Edwards, is a kaleidoscope of kindergarten ideas. With a director Michael Schultz and his editor, Christopher

The Beat Goes, Robin (also on the left), Michael and Barry go the right, the Beat Goes, Michael and Barry, all you need is love

Holmes, this Sgt. Pepper to places where manna has never been. The only dialogue being a few words of narration by George Harrison, the music goes on as usual, naturally leaving the listener of the modern with visual and sonic ideas. For every intimacy and enlightenment there's a place of music like Big Black, Billy Preston's disarming rockers, also Sgt. Pepper is such an intriguing experience as appear in the Beatles (also) that even its silliness has an aura. Technological disarming all its easily and happily available, it does what movies can do better than anything else—make an art form out of fun. The idea goes (it) these themselves among the Beatles, and again to George Burns for his self-shaming of *Prison* a while.

Sgt. Pepper Who could ask for more? It is called, you, if there is a need to what you're 64. LAWRENCE OTTOOLE

## Quick, Henry, the Pitt

THE DREAM  
Directed by Ken Ann

The Swans, called in (for Pretty Gypsy), is high school rock. Knowledge producer Irene Allen, whose contribution to civilization so far has included a narrow underwater shot of Shelley Waters' party dress mooning up her head in *The Passionate Adventure* and the less endearing secondary dual of *The Towering Inferno*, has turned his cooing, Mikeas toward to directing. The high-fives in his new movie are scenes of Alvin Karp being shoving school-

children in death, being photographed in slow motion, the image being, by itself, in those pretty babies, write their way into our hearts. This vice, expensive thing, also available for us closely had eating, lovers show anything else in recent memory.

Drew is an ordinary boy in Texas where it kills nearly everything in sight, the movie, having would have on the small town of Mayfield, heads for Houston. Sometime Michael Cane, Henry Fonda and Richard Chamberlain, called in to meet it, had themselves battling the personal ordinary (Richard Widmark and David DeLano) as well. But once the prospect of having kids lying waste the Southwest is naive and doesn't play an easy immediate loss, a plot with more holes than a honeycomb has been further perforated with cheap cliff, swivels, explosions, people in flames, screaming. Cane completed, Allen follows it with 10 gaudy tests.

High moral awareness aside, (here's the indirectly rapid innocent conception which, given the sexuality of the cinema, is an unfortunate choice of the genre. Coming in one another are Cane and the good doctor Katherine Ross who, if she ever loses her head good looks, will be truly unexpected. And the most gruesome, gratuitous performance of the year is delivered by Oliver De Havilland, taken out of school for the occasion to play a schoolteacher cursed by Joe Johnson and Fred MacMurray. Incredibly as a night scene, Mike De Havilland has closed to replay the role of Melvyn from *Close* with the West. Southern accent and all, looking her weary smile.

Others who have little reason to show their faces in public again are Lee Grant, Patty Duke (just before she's about to reveal the true meaning Mayfield, also has to be rushed back to the hospital to have her baby) and the male co-angels.

Fonda in *Mobile*, he has or kept in love?



into a new length of mobility. To say that *The Swans* doesn't much value human life by prolonging pain for our delusion is not entirely true, there being no actual evidence of human life in the script. And Irene Allen, while Michael Burns. LAWRENCE OTTOOLE

## Carry on prefalling

REVENGE OF THE TEN PANDAS  
Directed by Oliver Edwards

The fifth in the *Pink Panther* cycle for Peter Sellers and producer-director-screenwriter Blake Edwards, *Revenge of the Pink Panther* is more an comedy than a drama. Edwards's recent years has seemed that glossy, hand-dogged comedy where he acquired (*Professor* or *Typhoid*) is less of some less-than-dramatic strictly serious (*Darling* or *Typhoid*). Sellers, too, has had his comic vehicles, but a new *Pink Panther* appears, and suddenly they're back to back with the cycle and *Revenge* may indeed prove to be their own song. If it is, they've picked a clumsy way to go.

There's no pretense they're just looking the formula. The wiggly narrative (Ingo-



Sellers on the case, re-ender laughing

## A land that time didn't quite forget

The fellow books have that Robert Raftery's *Book of the North* (1822) was the first travel documentary of North American Indians, but another film made in 1914 by photographer pioneer Edward S. Curtis depicting the life of the Kwakiutl Indians of Vancouver Island will appear here. Accidentally discovered in 1967, truly it is getting distributed to museums as a re-rolled sound version.

Curtis had written about the Kwakiutl in 1907 and has in the *Land of the Head Hunt* was a book. The movie that followed was a hit, too, while it played New York and Seattle. Vachel Lindsay, a popular poet of the day, declared that Curtis had proved conclusively that cinematography was an art. Canadians had to take his word for it. His movie cost managed to make its

A Curtis still photograph of a Kwakiutl wedding party, a time that kept its head



way to Toronto much less Vancouver Island. The cost for the first restoration goes to an anthropologist and an art historian from the University of Washington and to the Kwakiutl Indians themselves who quickly suggested a sound version. Planned in the *Land of the Head Hunt* at the Kwakiutl's request, the re-rolled version has modern Indians speaking the lines and chanting the spells spoken so long ago by their ancestors.

The salvaging of the old film has its own canon and vibrant cinematic history. George Quinton, curator at the Chicago Film Society, was going through an art film collection that had just been donated. Spotting well he recognized it as a Curtis work. Quinton started to screen the movie only to have the subtle fire explode in the projector. When the fire was doused, he realized the remnants on safety film and took it with him when he moved to the directorship of the Burke Museum in Seattle. Quinton and his assistant, after 20 years—concorded with art historians Ed Holt, who'd heard much about the movie from the Kwakiutl themselves. The two-Americans eventually rushed off to Port Hardy B.C. to show the film to the Indians. (Some of the original cuts were still alive at screenings, declining cut and broken.)

Restoring the film cost only \$25,000, but it

was Clausen (fearing a French drug law) is merely an excuse to develop the Mack Sennett gags and allow Sellers free runs on his inspired lip-sucker. If the style and romance of the original *Pink Panther* are but a memory, at least the current entry is a more judicious blending of the old formulae than its immediate predecessor, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. Herbert Ross with his twinkle as lip-sucker Dimple, Clausen's end-entrust, are used sparingly, though, also, in a very dark, Dyan Cannon as the drug boss's tawny secretary mistress.

The re-emergence is Sellers' Clausen, a walking dream state, eyes squaring intensity in a faint effort to imitate thought, each gesture keyed to an extravagant and wholly misplaced sense of purpose. Here the words don't come out right, the Clausen vowels collapse like everything else around her, there's no intention signifying a complex struggle between dreamer and reality. Her lips are hard to preserve his glacial step and the burning point is that he keeps on saying. There's no malice in the mix and there's none in our watching her.

Joey

JOHN LEWIS-BROOK

took Quinton and Holt together with a sound technician 10 years to raise the money which came mostly from gifts and complete the technically complex project. The University of Washington Press, which prints or sells prints of the film, has been in touch with all over North America. Vancouver or a Confederal Museum, Ottawa's National Museum and Calgary's Glenbow are among the Canadian institutions who have it.

Arriving from Curtis, starting in 1900 at the age of 32, took 30 years to complete the 30 volume classic photo history of the North American Indian. I want to produce an indelible record of a race doomed to extinction. He wrote.

The Kwakiutl are situated today that the movie—which reaches around a worldwide crowd and has precious—features two different women in the herd and four different women as the heroes. One of the heroines living being pushed out of the production by her father. They are nevertheless fascinated by those flowing images capturing a time when they actually hand hands and paddled canoes. "It's such a big dream I can't see it all," Curtis wrote. "But I want to make them live forever in cinematography and words." He might have succeeded. The technology had made it possible. But Alvin Karp was a 1st. LAWRENCE OTTOOLE



# Music

## An old age lacking neither honor nor the lyre

AGED 83 and in his 46th year as conductor of the Boston Pops, Orchestra Arthur Fiedler, North America's oldest and best-known maestro, is in falling health. His wife of 36 years, Ellen, is already making suggestions as to how the local concert should be run; down "I go down on my knees," she whines in her best upper-class Boston Irish lingo, "and ask Almighty God every night, let him keep down on the podium. For this man's sake, for this dear little devil!"

These days everyone appears to be availing the dear little devil's will. The Boston Symphony Orchestra Fiedler's employer is selling through hundreds of applications from conductors who think they can hold his baton. And each night after one of his Pops concerts at Boston's venerable Old Symphony Hall fans line up backstage while Fiedler grumbles over his scotch and MacIslands and curries up autographs. The suspicion lingers that the fans are not so much looking for his signature as for a preview of the grand old man of American music lying in wait. But Fiedler isn't ready for obituary. Not yet yet. While it would be inaccurate to say he is still going strong, it is surely as accurate to say that he is still going at it all, given his health record. He has suffered four serious heart attacks, the first of which occurred

just before he married, more than 30 years ago. He has also survived two serious heart attacks and, last summer, nearly died when he refused to take medication for it.

Then the last lost 35 pounds in the past year! And almost unable to walk, and often losing track of a thought in mid-sentence, he has been forced to dismount most of his pianissimo—intense, driving but battered, black-velvet-eyes Beethoven and—his "auntie," he says, "You have the desire to die it! You try that's very awkward. Yet most nights between May and the end of July, he somehow draws the strength—usually provided by a couple of well-bellied scotch before such performances—to conduct over 100 musicians through 80 minutes of the light-colored schlemiel that has made him famous. He has difficulty with meter and a piece such as Ruggiero's *Concerto de Arango*, which since its shaggy off as being no problem now makes him tense and nervous.

Over the years Fiedler, the world's most recorded conductor, has functioned as a good short-order cook, whipping up such light classics as Rossini's *William Tell* overture or Elgar's *Pomp and Circum-*

**Fiedler in rehearsal: time has taken some of his zeal, but certainly not of his**

stance marches and serving them to undi-  
coring applause, along with posy de-  
votions—*Whodunnit* show tunes and the odd  
middle-of-the-road hit. The recipe has  
proved to be amazingly durable: 30 mil-  
lion records can't be wrong. Until bad  
health forced him to curtail his touring, he  
was in constant demand all over the world,  
often conducting as many as 40 concerts in  
a season.

The 2,635 seats in Symphony Hall are  
sold out nightly for his concerts, and in  
1976 his annual Fourth of July concert on  
the broad esplanade of Boston's Charles  
River attracted an audience of 400,000, the  
largest crowd ever to attend a classical con-  
cert—in fact according to the Guinness  
Book of World Records. Doubtless, hun-  
dreds of thousands of viewers in Canada  
and the U.S. are tuning in to his series of 12  
pops concerts currently being rebroadcast  
on the Public Broadcasting Service. (The con-  
certs are also heard on radio stations CTV  
(National), Toronto's CFSW, Hamilton's  
CISL, and on CTV's FM in Vancouver.)

Fiedler has become such a musical man-  
ifestation that everything from a footbridge in  
Boston is being profiled as having named  
after him—but he has never accepted any-  
thing other than his duties from most civic  
crimes who could care less about profiles.  
"A slap-bang, great opportunity for people  
who don't listen to music," sneers Michael  
Steinberg, the former music critic of the  
*Boston Globe*. Even some criticism has  
come from the ranks of the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra itself, whose mem-  
bers, less 12 general players, make up  
Fiedler's Pops orchestra.

The son of a Vermont milkman who

made \$35 a week playing with the 800,  
Fiedler began conducting Pops concerts in  
1930, licensing lighter, shorter classical  
pieces. The concept wasn't particularly  
popular with the public until he hit upon  
the idea of adding some Greenwich Village  
to keep things up. The more serious-  
minded symphony players have never for-  
gotten him for adding pop to the Pops. "I'm  
80 percent sure of the white side," says  
saxophone player Eugene Lehner.

Fiedler professes not to give a damn  
about the attitude of critics and musicians  
his family still so says. "I suspect it both  
on him that he is not taken more seri-  
ously," says his daughter, Deborah, a  
member of the New York Metropolitan  
Opera Association. "I don't think he's a  
happy man like I am to this age after all  
the struggle and battle over the years, and  
he's saying to himself, 'I hope all these are!'"

Despite what a burst of some white hair  
has thrown back from his curly, curly hair,  
Fiedler has small hands, long fingers, and  
a remarkably tolerant (indeed, and with his  
broad posed over the orchestra. Fiedler is  
the archetype of The Conductor. The con-  
duct is grandly dramatic, is multi-  
cultural, and the podium, he can be  
short-tempered, cantankerous, and abso-  
lute with his own family. "People  
always say 'It must be wonderful to have a  
father like that because he looks like Santa  
Claus,'" says Deborah. "Well, the last is a  
more appropriate title. I don't know  
anyone having."

Not having married until he was 45,  
Fiedler cheerfully concedes that his wife's  
Fiedler's parents wanted her to have  
nothing to do with him. "I had the kind of  
opinion," he says, "that any woman  
Fiedler was sure was not sure he had  
seen out of his bed—which was true in many  
cases." He refused to have anything to do  
with children until a second heart attack  
convinced him his lineage should live on  
after his death. His three children—two  
girls and a boy—hardly ever see him be-  
cause he was on tour so much. Long ab-  
sences strained his marriage to the point  
where he has developed a drinking prob-  
lem. An almost legendary tightness with  
a dollar didn't help matters much. "You  
should see what goes on when the bills  
come in," says Ellen Fiedler. "You have to  
see how many times he called up the law-  
yers and said 'I want a divorce. I can't  
stand this situation any more.'" It is his  
income stream, however, that Fiedler re-  
mains unrepentant, and still fiery about  
his drink—most popular among  
women, librettos, and girls with long in-  
gredients. Not to mention the state of the  
world. "Everything's going to hell," he  
grumbles. Describe your sorry state where  
he's going? Friends say he does but, for  
public consumption, he's offhand about  
the subject of death. "I believe in it, but  
I'm not worried about it. What I'd like to do  
is spend the world's war. With perhaps  
a little *Pomp and Circumstance* playing in  
the background, yeah."

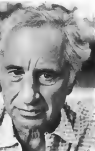
# Books

## As a writer he's a hell of a good film director

PICTURE OF LOWE  
by Dan Kuss (Random House,  
\$12.95)

Given the right material, Rick Kusan can turn out a sleek  
As director he has not been so ac-  
cessible to several films as  
Gentlemen Agreement (1947)  
and *On the Waterfront* (1954),  
in a novel (The Arrangement)  
he is at the disadvantage of  
being his own acceptance  
director and actor, and the re-  
sults are a solid, contemporary  
novel. *On the Waterfront* is his  
fourth novel, the first to  
tell it all from a woman's per-  
spective, with nothing so daring  
as a first-person narrative.

Elmer (Kusan's Larry comes  
equipped with a text book Elmer  
complex, part of her doing  
and usually provocative fac-  
tial—just one more "liberal"  
hermene whose acts of indepen-  
dence is the first to be told  
in a novel. Elmer is  
engaged to Teddy Anselmi, a Greek  
American (Kusan has the same novel)  
novel officer whose self-assurance and sta-



**Kusan: the Greeks have a word for it**

bility she hopes will rescue her. Confidence  
is reinforced when the men Kusan, Ted-  
dy's father, a perfect Anthony Quinn  
character, disowning, disowning, disowning  
traditional and elementally passionate  
in Kusan's cast of plastic characters it's dif-  
ficult to choose the most sympathetic, but  
the narrative of the Greek patriarch is to  
be affirmed, that a Greek self-determining  
logic might be after Kusan's ending  
action.

With her yearning to be Daddy's girl,  
Elmer eagerly wants to Costa's Jewish  
richness, nodding herself after his wife  
Natalie, whose chief virtue (the reader  
is her envious sister. For Costa, Elmer's  
reason of death should be to connect the male  
line, but his plan runs around while the  
marriage dissolves and Teddy a woman  
marriage always successful. Elmer runs  
a series of petty encounters. Finally turned  
to Elmer, a day-victim, casualty of the '60s  
who impregnates her before murdering her  
17-year-old mistress. Elmer presents the  
baby to Costa's father's son, duty done,  
pleats her last message from the sexual  
relations she once shared.

Kusan considers Elmer's downfall tragic,  
but if there is any tragedy here it's that of a  
man who once described himself as con-  
vinced to "poetic realism" preferring to  
live forthrightly rather than direct the tri-  
umphant *Army of Love* is light late-night  
reading, at least you don't need leave to  
the bus for it. ANN KIDWELL MOORE

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICTION

- 1 *The Hollow Crown*, Leifur (1)
- 2 *Baroque*, Kravitz (1)
- 3 *Chatterbox*, McManis (1)
- 4 *Brooklyn*, Shusterman (2)
- 5 *The House of the Dead*, Gross (3)
- 6 *Killer*, Vidal (7)
- 7 *The Machine*, Anderson (14)
- 8 *The Three Kings*, McCullough (2)
- 9 *The Mague*, A. MacLean (14)
- 10 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 11 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 12 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 13 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 14 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 15 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 16 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 17 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 18 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 19 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)
- 20 *MacLean*, MacLean (14)

### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Reading*,  
MacLean (1)
- 2 *Life in a Bowl of Change*, What  
Am I Doing in the Pit?, Rembert (2)
- 3 *Travels*, MacLean (14)
- 4 *Writing Your Own Memoir*, Dyer (2)
- 5 *Life*, MacLean (14)
- 6 *The Grand Voyage*, Rembert (2)
- 7 *Memoirs of Richard Nixon* (7)
- 8 *The Country Story of an American*,  
MacLean (14)
- 9 *My Mother, My Son, A Daughter's*  
Search for Identity, MacLean (14)
- 10 *So All of the Children*, MacLean (14)

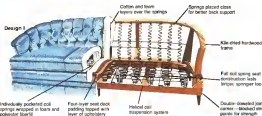
1. *MacLean* by Dan Kusan  
Photo by the author  
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# When Tommy came marching home again (Hurrah! Hurrah!)

Column by Allan Fotheringham

I feel that here I have made at least a brief acquaintance with the kind of an ancestor for whom Tommy inherited his name.

Three freckled forefathers were and hang on the grey stone wall and are treated as the great against the background of the sky, like a tobacco out of a Zinc Greyers corner. In the present position below, a half dozen miles northwest of Regina, there are those and they are famous in print, after the fashion of the great men who were both bold and legendary. The place, following down the shade beneath the trees in the old-time middle century began to tap into the rising sun. The horizon line, it is, far as the land, "as old-fashioned C.P. people," decided to honor the last of the happy warriors, Tommy Douglas, who will not pass this way again since the decade was dropped.

Tommy Douglas is now 73 (like all men of peasant belief, he seems perhaps 51 in energy) and there has been a tendency lately to designate him, to regard with very unbecoming his outdated asceticism, his mannerisms and his pale style. On respect, however, that a man of his age and in order that the painful process of life in person in this increasingly busy world should be as much as possible, over time, will be perceived as passing time, but now in 1978 is passing for granted.

He is the same free-lance as when he was before he became chief of Manitoba. That carefully tended propounder becomes above the clouds in his style was a little too pompous, too campy over to make him truly comfortable in his position. But he was a gallant defeat in Regina, first to a Vancouver suburb that, defeated again, to his present Vancouver hotel riding. But this is his last time, this place, these roots. His barbed chicken dinner grows cold in the wind. When he is to work his way through the truth, he's been down from all over Saskatchewan for the final chance to grasp the life that was given him previous back to pride.

"If I'd skip on off the kitchen floor of all life in freedom is always here now," he says as he sits on the chair. "I'd have been around more than Canada."

Saskatchewan is probably the most unrepresentative province of all, the home of Elkhorn, of Crows, of Cut Knife, Elbow, Eyreton, Lake, Ralph, Allen, the river from Ontario, west of the river of a

very old land and a very young people. The Princes are older than the Nile, older than the hills of Jerusalem, older than Galilee and the Valley of the Jordan. A million years ago, mile-high glaciers began the process that has produced the soil-rich land. When Tommy Douglas in 1944 became head of the first socialist government in North America, Saskatchewan was the highest per capita state in Canada, the second lowest per capita income. There were a total of 135 miles of



provincial highway in the province. Of 100,000 farms since 300 were electrified.

Over the distance of time, Douglas' 17 years as premier were indeed a vast pattern for what has happened everywhere since. Bill of Rights in Canada, first settlement of war pension, first law plan for small business, first student aid program, first assistance to the arts—a decade before the Canada Council. Today, Regina and its suburbs have the fewest, presently with less of general equality to be found in Alberta, B.C. and Ontario. Mc J. Coldwell, when he met with the young, British premier Douglas in Weyburn during the birth of the C.C.P., was outraged at finding Depression families who had nothing to eat, but several papers and coffee made from barley. Today, one of the party leaders from Weyburn worked on the Jimmy Carter

campaign, learning about computerized telephone lists. The Regina Inn now features a major Hollywood name as a nightly dinner production of *Same Time, Next Year*, the Broadway classic on how to do the military for the media class.

What Saskatchewan (and Douglas and the C.C.P.) most celebrated in its years, the introduction of medicine, in his career Douglas walked, the authority of Douglas was rather breathtaking. After leaving Dr. Henry Stogel of Regina's Johns Hopkins University, the world's top authority on social medicine, to a region, Douglas asked him who the best man would be to run it. "The best possible man" happened to be Dr. Fred Mac, who was unattachable in assistant surgeon-general of the U.S. Army. Douglas joined the U.S. surgeon-general and somehow got a release for Mac who established a school that was followed years later by everyone else in Canada.

There are some 4,000 students of sociology on the midday Sunday afternoon. The night beyond, just, dropped with the presence of a patient, are the more appreciated for being so familiar. 173 S. Woodworth was the most in politics and Coldwell the professor, Douglas was always slightly suspect when he took over the role in the higher in politics. David Lewis was surprised to find that he eventually did, because Douglas did not have that urban raffish taste.

Regina didn't hate (they don't let down, either). He has few close friends, in or out of politics. He has friends and he has those adoring Depression groups. Perhaps they should merely regard his record instead. The friend means someone could never handle French, but he was the best man in the country in his staidness stood against the War Measures Act. The Saskatchewan he left now has peace, arm and out on total income surpassing agriculture, and only needed, as he shows, how more future success seems than anyone else. MacLennan wrote, "These days when I visit Saskatchewan I remember how students from the farms started during the Depression years in order to get an education. I think how people co-operated, and thereby upheld the dignity of their spirit." In this, he was looking.

Tommy Douglas stands on a picnic table, the propounder brushing the red-and-white stripes of the tent. The sky is now black and jagged lines of lightning scar the horizon. He has been looking, remembering their story, he has his own understanding justice, the promise he made

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*It felt like Europe.  
With a dash of Hemingway.*

Old walls. Clouds making faces.  
Breeze. Summer. Waiter looked like a  
Toulouse-Lautrec poster.  
Aperitifs (Smirnoff and red vermouth).  
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